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SIXPENCE.
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THE GREAT MAGAZINE EXPLOSION AT TOULON.—SEARCHING FOR THE DEAD AND WOUNDED: PRIESTS WAITING TO ADMINISTER EXTREME UNCTION TO THE DYING.

From a Pictograph by Durr, Toulon.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Two maiden ladies in *Cornhill* (I take the liberty of calling them maiden ladies because their style is, so to speak, spinsterous) have arraigned the humour of man. They are tired of hearing that women have no humour; so they carry the war into the enemy's country, and ask who has made him judge of all that pertains to the humorous faculty. It is true, they admit, that men's jokes often fail to amuse women, but (and here is the first crushing blow) women are more than half the race, "and a woman's opinion that a joke is poor is quite as good as a man's opinion that she does not appreciate it." In that saying you may hear the threatening murmur of women's suffrage. The quality of our jests is to be subjected to the only democratic test, and as women outnumber us, we shall find ourselves at the bottom of the poll. Woman's humour will be voted the best, and the masculine humorist who comes nearest to this standard will receive the second prize, and the unfortunate wights who practise those forms of humour which, to women, are either unintelligible or offensive, will find their popularity steadily declining. Even they cannot complain that women have no humour, for what can be more richly entertaining than the idea that women are entitled to decide that a joke is good or bad because they are "more than half the race"?

But no sooner have they won this striking victory than the two ladies in *Cornhill*, after the compassionate manner of their sex, proceed to make concessions. Yes, men have "a stronger and more inclusive sense of humour" than women, because they have a "stronger physique." How the man who used to write this page—whose humour grew brighter, if possible, as his frame grew frailer—would have enjoyed that proposition! I can see James Payn in a sick-room, reveling in the humorous properties of his thews and sinews. It may be respectfully questioned whether men of very robust physique are often noted as humorists. Hercules has not left us any joke about the Augean stables. The great Frederick's papa, who had a mania for collecting gigantic guardsmen, did not find them, I believe, exhilarating company. Sandow is justly honoured by his athletic pupils, but they do not circulate his *bons mots*. Surely women are not humorous in proportion to the strength of their physique. Diana Vernon, though healthy, was dull, and Helen MacGregor, who would dink a man as soon as look at him, did not tell funny stories. The woman who keeps your wits at full stretch, and makes laughter bubble out of incongruities which escape your vision, is often a fragile creature with tormented nerves, or a chest which registers the worst caprices of a London winter. But here it strikes me that the two ladies in *Cornhill* are more subtle than I imagined, and that the physical vitality which makes man's sense of humour "more inclusive" is really the cause of his downfall in their esteem. For his superior inclusiveness takes in some kinds of humour which cannot be freely discussed over tea-tables. Indeed, his censurers roundly charge him with coarseness, profanity, and the sorry shifts of the practical joker.

It must be admitted that humour is no respecter of delicacy, and that there is a 'prodigious lot of it in a reprobate like Falstaff. The practical joke is often a sorry thing; but it can be extremely droll, at least in man's estimation: witness the trick that Prince Hal played on Falstaff in the night affray at Gad's Hill. I cannot recommend maiden ladies to read this episode and its sequel with any hope of entertainment. Nor are they likely to be amused by Private Mulvaney's account of the capture of Lungtungpen. Mr. Kipling's famous trio of soldiers are coarse, profane, and frequently drunk; yet they will continue to be the delight of many readers until (by that operation of the suffrage I have foreshadowed) they are voted into humourless obscurity. It seems, then, that there is a range of life in which women are debarré by temperament and training from seeing any humour. The *Cornhill* critics say that restrictions are imposed upon their freedom. A brother in the family circle very soon feels that he is born to joke at large, while his sisters are taught to be prim and circumspect. Will this inequality ever be redressed, or will woman, even when her hour of democratic triumph has struck, disdainfully refuse to join in the chortlings of the barbaric animal she has conquered? The maiden ladies say of him that he is capable even of jesting about collections in church. I remember a picture of Du Maurier's, in which a little girl, sitting beside her mother in the pew when the offertory-bag passes round, whispers, "Mummy, how much did you get. I got a shilling!" Only a man could make such a joke as that, or recall it with degraded pleasure.

One surprising observation in the *Cornhill* essay is that humour, or the lack of it, is a family characteristic. This would be alarming if it were true. A man cannot choose his family, and he might come into the world in the miserable plight of a descendant from progenitors who never saw a joke. Imagine his feelings when spending the evening in a humorous circle. After listening forlornly to quip and repartee, he would rise and say, "My friends, you may have noticed that I do not join in your hilarity. The reason is a sad one. I labour under a curse; no

member of my family has ever laughed. We trace our descent in an unbroken line from a nobleman who fought for William at Hastings, and there isn't a laugh in the whole genealogy. We have tried all manner of desperate remedies. My great-grandmother was vaccinated with lymph from the arm of a low comedian's niece. I devoted a whole year to the study of comic literature in several languages. It was all in vain! The family curse could not be lifted, even for a single generation!" But it is more probable that he would not be conscious of any defect, and would proceed to show the company that humour was a melancholy fallacy of imperfectly educated minds. It was Josie Mackenzie who, when she had married into the Scotch Kirk, wrote to the first Mrs. Clive Newcome to question the morality of waxworks and the Tower of London. She would have greatly appreciated the *Cornhill* article, which, for quite different reasons, would also have interested the first editor of that periodical.

The theory that families may be congenitally incapable of humour is a good deal extended by a magazine editor, who is reputed to have sent to various popular authors in turn a pudding-basin containing some gelatinous substance, which they are requested to heat and then make impressions of their feet on it. These impressions are to be transferred to the pages of the magazine; for the editor, who may be presumed to understand his business, evidently thinks that his readers (a million or two) would like to see with what kind of foot a favourite writer treads this terrestrial ball. His head they already know; his hand, illuminated by the Röntgen rays, is also familiar; but nobody has hitherto thought of turning the fierce light of publicity upon his feet. This ought to cause a lively stir among the autograph-hunters. Eminent signatures will go out of fashion, and footprints come in. A prolific novelist will receive a letter in these terms: "Illustrious Sir,—I am reading all your four serials at once—turn and turn about. The effect is stimulating, and not in the least confusing, for such is the torrent of your genius that a page of any story will fit into any other without disturbing the flow of the narrative. I am greatly interested to hear that you write a novel with each hand and two more with your feet, keeping four type-writers in constant motion. This prompts me to beg the favour of your footprint. I send you a basin of glue for this purpose. My wife, a thoughtful and tender-hearted woman, like all your heroines, asks me to beg you not to put your foot in the basin when the glue is too hot, as it may be painful. I should be proud to think that some of my glue was sticking to your sole, but that might spoil the impression. P.S.—Kindly pack the basin with care; so many have been broken, and I am too poor to spend much on crckery."

Statesmen who would stamp themselves upon the age have their opportunity now—in a basin! Mr. Balfour or Lord Rosebery may expect to be addressed by fervent admirers like this—

Some see candour in your smile;
Others find it full of guile.
Some observe a taste for jobs
In your forehead's massive knobs;
Others think that these reveal
Arduous for the public weal.
Hate gleams from your upper teeth,
Virtue from the row beneath.
Men who would their country wreck
Show those muscles in your neck.
Patriots who rouse our cheers,
All have had your shapely ears!

Peace to such conflicting views!
Stand without your socks and shoes—
None who sees you thus can say,
"Head of brass and feet of clay!"
Every eye that greatness knows
Marks the splendour of those toes,
Wonders that, like common men,
You possess exactly ten;
Wonders, too, if Pitt and Fox
Looked like that without their socks. . . .
Statesman, let us beg of you
Footprints in our pots of glue!

A correspondent writes: "I am not a wine-bibber, nor given to riotous living in the small hours. But I want to know how much longer the peaceful Londoner will submit to the absurd regulation which denies him food at a restaurant after twelve o'clock on Saturday night. Why should he not be left to eat his supper till half-past twelve, as on other nights? It is not a question of drink, Sir. An American writer says our climate is fatal without whisky. 'Two drinks a day, or you die.' No, Sir, it is the arbitrary interruption of a man's supper on Saturdays that is killing off the population. And for what reason of State, gracious powers? I am a moderate consumer of oysters, with a chop and an omelette to follow, and the converse of mind in between. Why is all this to be suspended at midnight, and my digestion turned into the street? Pray answer me that." I put a temperate version of this appeal to a prominent member of the House of Commons, and he said, "No Government will ever meddle with the hours of closing again." And yet this is still said to be the land of the brave and the home of the free! Everyone knows that supper after the play has again become a popular meal. You sit down on Saturday night at twenty minutes to twelve, and as, in a sad case reported from the Savoy, you are no further than the soup when the law snatches you from the feast. And a pusillanimous Legislature is afraid to intervene!

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has this week left England for the Riviera, departing from Windsor on Thursday morning to cross the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne, and to arrive at Nice on Friday at four o'clock in the afternoon. Princess Henry of Battenberg has returned to Windsor. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife visited her Majesty last week.

The Princess of Wales, after staying a few days with the Queen at Windsor Castle, on Saturday last, with Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, returned to Marlborough House. Her Royal Highness, with Princess Victoria of Wales, embarked, on Wednesday, at Cannes on board the *Osborne*, for a visit to Prince George of Greece in Crete, and to the King and Queen of Greece at Athens.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Cairo on Saturday, on their return from Assuan and their Nile voyage up to Omdurman and Khartoum.

Princess Christian held the Drawing-Room for the Queen on Friday, as mentioned with our Illustration last week; and on Monday the Duke of York held the Queen's Levée at St. James's Palace.

The Prince of Wales on March 1 presided at a Marlborough House meeting to establish a "League of Mercy," with himself for President and the Princess as Lady President, to raise subscriptions in aid of hospitals in London and the Home Counties. His Royal Highness has been re-elected, for the twenty-fifth year, Grand Master of the Freemasons in England, and Grand Master of the Mark Masons for the fourteenth year. He has gone to Cannes, starting on March 2, and stopping a day or two in Paris.

Lord Tennyson has left England to take up office as Governor of South Australia. The new Governor of Newfoundland, Sir H. E. McCallum, arrived at St. John's on Friday.

General Sir Rudolf Slatin (Slatin Pasha), who was long a captive of the Mahdi and Khalifa in the Sudan, was a guest of the Queen at Windsor last week.

A silver medal to commemorate the reconquest of the Sudan is to be given by her Majesty to the officers and men of all the British, Egyptian, and Indian troops engaged either in the recent Omdurman campaign or in the Dongola campaigns from 1896 to 1898.

The dispute between employers and their men in different branches of the building trade, beginning with the plasterers, has resulted in a lock-out, which commenced on Monday. The workmen demand the exclusion of all foremen who are non-unionists.

The Industrial Conference at Leeds, presided over by Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., called forth a number of interesting discussions on Boards of Conciliation and on Co-operative Partnerships. Neither of the causes represented by these terms has made, perhaps, the progress that enthusiasts anticipated it would a few years ago; but the disturbance of old existing methods and arrangements must of necessity be slow, if it is to be sure. Sir David Dale had, however, a great deal that was hopeful to report in his paper on "Thirty Years' Experience of Conciliation and Arbitration," and his view was confirmed by that of Mr. Maddison, M.P. Earl Grey, looking forward, prophesied that one national development would be marked by the answering progress of the workman towards ownership and by the substitution of arbitration for strikes; and the Bishop of Rochester spoke in the same sense at a large public meeting.

The annual conference meeting of the National Liberal Federation Council was opened on Tuesday at Hull, and continued next day. It was addressed by the Earl of Crewe, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir J. Reckitt, and several members of Parliament.

The High Court of Justice in Bankruptcy has, at the request of the Official Receiver, ordered the criminal prosecution of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, the bankrupt, upon charges of fraud and other misconduct, reckless and lavish expenditure, concealment and destruction of accounts, and secret payments to some persons for becoming directors of companies.

A meeting was held last week at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, and a London Committee was formed to co-operate with the Lord Provost's Committee at Glasgow for the International Exhibition to be held there in 1901, towards the expenses of which nearly half a million of money is already subscribed. America has promised to help.

Signor Marconi, the Italian inventor of wireless telegraphy, lectured on March 2 at the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and said that, with the consent of the French Government, experiments would be made in over-sea telegraphic communication between Dover and Calais.

The London School Board last week discussed Mr. Macnamara's report on the excessive outdoor employment of school-children, and referred it to the London County Council to devise a remedy or restrictive rules.

H.M.S. *Talbot* has been sent to New York by the Queen's command to bring home the body of the late Lord Herschell, who died at Washington on March 1, for interment at his residence near Dorchester about March 23. Lady Herschell will come home by the same ship.

The election for Hythe has returned Sir Edward Sassoon, Conservative, with 2425 votes against 1898 for Sir Israel Hart, the Liberal candidate.

The Church Union, presided over by Lord Halifax, had a London Congress of 700 delegates at the beginning of last week. They attended at the Communion at St. Paul's Cathedral, held a conference at the Cannon Street Hotel, and issued a manifesto on behalf of the Ritualist clergy and their lay supporters denying the right of the Queen's Government to rule or legislate for the Church, or to enforce a disputed interpretation of the Rubrics by secular Courts of Law.

The Ministerial measure for the Revision of Procedure in the Dreyfus judicial appeal case has passed both

Chambers of the French Legislature, and the Judges of the combined Civil and Criminal branches of the Court of Cassation have taken the case in hand, but commence these proceedings with the trial of Colonel Picquart.

Ranavaloa, the deposed native Queen of Madagascar, has been brought to Europe, and is to live as a French State prisoner at Algiers.

The Queen Regent of Spain has accepted the resignation of office tendered last week by the Sagasta Ministry, on the conclusion of the peace treaty with America. A Conservative Ministry has been formed by Señor Silveira, who is Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, with General Polavieja as Minister of War, Señor Villaverde as Finance Minister, Admiral Gomez for the Navy, Señor Dato, the Marquis Pidal, and Señor Duran. The Ministry for the Colonies is abolished. Germany is negotiating for the purchase of the Caroline and the Sooloo Islands.

Italy has demanded or requested of China the lease of a naval coaling station or harbour, named Samun, in the province of Che-Kiang, which the Chinese Government has declined to grant. Five Italian war-ships, in Chinese waters, are placed under command of Admiral Grenet, who goes out in the *Stromboli*. The Chamber of Deputies at Rome has passed the Government "Public Safety" Bills for the repression of conspiracies, seditions, and insurrections. The Pope is rapidly recovering his health.

The United States Congress at Washington adjourned its Session on Saturday with much national self-congratulation upon the flourishing commercial situation of America, and the victorious result of the war with Spain. Mr. Joseph Choate, the new Ambassador to England, has arrived here. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's progress towards recovery is equally gratifying to the people of both countries. His condition during the past fortnight has excited more public interest than any political event whatever. Mr. Kipling's daughter Josephine, aged six, died of pneumonia on March 6.

The Muscat incident has again become the subject of comment. Mr. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, announced that the British Government had expressed regret for the action of their agent. This Mr. Brodrick has virtually denied in the House of Commons, entirely upholding the British agent's action.

MUSIC.

Mr. de Greef gave a very interesting pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on the Thursday of last week, proving himself once more to be a careful and distinguished player. He has not, you may say, the fantasy, the supreme imaginativeness of Paderewski. That player creates an atmosphere for music which is all his own. He is, if we may be permitted to make the comparison, the Keats among pianoforte-players. He restores to the hearing the magic that lurks in such a phrase as "I cannot see what flowers are at my feet," or, "She stood in tears amid the alien corn." Then you have d'Albert, whose Beethoven-playing is so clear, so truthful, so grandly regular that you feel its persuasions immediately, where in the case of Paderewski you surrender yourself to a pure fascination. De Greef differs from both of these, inasmuch as he is, in the interpretation of Beethoven, the highest exemplification of musical sanity. Each of the others—whom we definitely place ahead of this player—brings romance in his train. De Greef is certain, assured, confident, possessing at the same time none of the defects of those qualities—that is, he plays with delicacy, with distinction, and with a personal purity of tone which are all very engaging and delightful gifts. At all events, whatever comparison one may make, he remains a real musician.

Mr. Ernst von Dohnányi has also been playing at the St. James's Hall. He certainly deserves all the favour which he receives at the hands of the public. He has the very curious and very unusual combination of delicacy and strength developed to an extremely high degree. His quietude and composure are so surprising in face of the pure physical power of his playing that the unexpectedness no less than the beauty of that surprise storms the fortress of admiration. His virtuosity, too, is so complete that even with Liszt, a blatant composition by whom finished the recital—the well-known version, in fact, of the Raccosy March—he shone to extraordinary advantage.

A very different kind of player is Mlle. Hona Eibenschütz, who on the day following Mr. von Dohnányi's performance also gave an agreeable pianoforte recital in the same concert hall. She is in miniature a genuinely fine artist. Her insinuating style, her quiet significance of manner, her fine sincerity, and her perfect indifference to any catchpenny effectiveness go to make up an extremely satisfactory artistic equipment. She does not sweep you with any great and overwhelming emotion; we doubt if any woman who has played the pianoforte has ever quite reached that rare height; but she does draw the attention, she provokes admiration, and she compels pleasure. These are fine enough gifts to note in any player, even if they do not quite excuse or justify the phrase which a critic has just used in connection with her playing when he said, "The fair pianist was in her best form." One had thought that sort of thing had vanished clean from journalism.

The London Ballad Concert of Saturday under the direction of Messrs. Boosey and Co., held, as usual, at the Queen's Hall, was decidedly interesting. Miss Clara Butt sang; but—may we say it?—"the fair vocalist was scarcely in her best form." She seemed just a little tired, and doubtless her recent provincial work has been exhausting enough in all conscience. Her fine dramatic gifts, however, were evidenced in her singing of Saint-Saëns' "Amour! viens aider," and her voice, of course, remains as overpowering a marvel as ever. Miss Evangeline Florence sang very prettily indeed. Mr. Andrew Black was unfortunately unable to sing, and his place was taken by Mr. Lane Wilson, and Mr. de Pachmann also played Chopin in his own superlative manner.

Lenten music holds sway in all the churches. Among other interesting performances falls to be noted Gounod's "Mors et Vita," which is being given on Fridays at St. Mark's, Kennington, with full orchestra. Mr. Warren Tear conducts, and Mr. Hamilton Robinson is at the organ.

PARLIAMENT.

The Army Estimates disclose the customary increase of expenditure, with some satisfactory details of increased efficiency. Mr. Wyndham laid stress upon the growing number of recruits, mostly from the plough. It is highly probable that recruiting improves because the ploughboy indulges the hope that employment will be found for him when his term of service is over. That guarantee, at all events, now figures in the official documents about the conditions of enlistment. In the discussion of the Estimates, Mr. Labouchere proposed a reduction of the forces on the ground that swollen armaments were due to the "expansion" policy of the present Government. Mr. Balfour replied that England could not see Africa divided up by other nations, and that it was the policy of those nations, not of any British Government, which caused the increase of military expenditure. The actual number of men required for service at home and abroad, exclusive of India, is 184,153. Mr. Brodrick gave an interesting explanation of what is called the Muscat incident—one of those incidents which illustrate the military policy of other nations. The French agent at Muscat extorted from the Sultan the lease of a harbour, which could be strongly fortified. British intervention compelled the Sultan to cancel the lease. The French Government now say that all they want is a coal station at Muscat itself, and to this Lord Salisbury has no objection. Thus it appears that a neat little scheme for territorial acquisition was foiled, though Mr. Delcassé, in his statement to the French Chamber, never mentioned it, and strove to make out that the British Government had apologised for an interference with French rights. Mr. Hanbury sketched an important scheme to enable the Post Office to work the telephone service in competition with the National Telephone Company, whose operations the Minister concisely described as "neither efficient nor sufficient." The Post Office requires two millions for its new task, and will encourage the provincial municipalities in boroughs with over fifty thousand inhabitants to initiate telephone services of their own at the cost of the local rates. In London the extension of the system is expected to yield a great increase of business. Subscribers will pay three pounds a year, and a fee of three pence for every message of a hundred words. As this means of communication is much cheaper than telegraphing the telegraph service may be considerably affected. In the House of Lords, on a motion for a return of the number of churches in the Church of England in which confessional boxes have been put up, Lord Salisbury spoke very strongly against the practice of habitual confession, and consented to the motion, although Lord Dudley, on behalf of the Home Office, had opposed it.

A curious anecdote is told of President Faure. He received a visit from Père Violet, a French Protestant missionary in Oceania, and told his guest quite freely that Dreyfus was innocent; but it was impossible to release him, as the admission of his innocence would involve the ruin of "more important personages." It is extremely probable that this is the real "State reason" why the guilt of the unhappy prisoner is obstinately affirmed in the teeth of all the evidence. Another story is that the Government hope to end the "Affaire" by getting Dreyfus recondemned by court-martial, and then finding some pretext for setting him at liberty, entirely or partially. This would mean, of course, that he would not be allowed to return to France.

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2. Guarding the Ruins.

3. Panoramic View of the Scene of the Disaster, showing the Spot (+) now a Pond, where the Magazine stood.

4. A Devastated District: How the Explosion Stripped and Distorted an Avenue of Beech-Trees.

THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT TOULON.

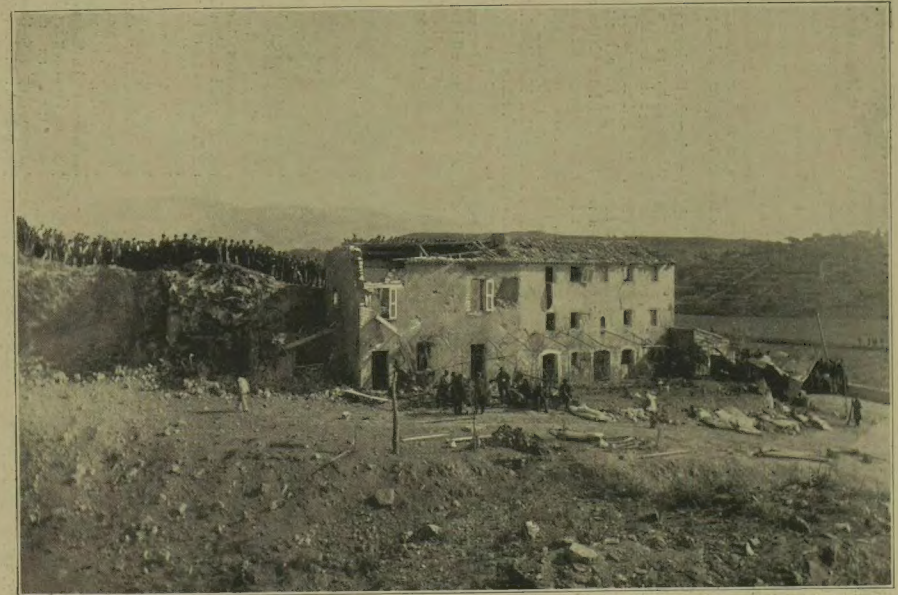
From Photographs by Barr, Toulon.

THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT TOULON.

From Photographs by A. Bougaull, Toulon.



VIEW TAKEN FROM THE SPOT WHERE THE MAGAZINE EXPLODED.



INN FOR WORKMEN EMPLOYED AT STONE QUARRIES NEAR THE MAGAZINE.



RUINS IN THE VILLAGE NEAR THE MAGAZINE.



SEARCHING THE RUINS FOR DEAD.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EXPLOSION AT TOULON.

A terrible explosion of a store of gunpowder in the French naval ammunition magazine of Lagoubran, at Toulon, before daybreak on Sunday morning, killed over fifty people, injured more than a hundred, including many soldiers, and destroyed great part of the village. The sound was heard as far off as Nice. For miles around houses were wrecked, the inhabitants being buried in the debris. The explosion is the greatest experienced in the South since 1875, when the *Magenta* blew up. The magazine factory has vanished.

Broken glass, fallen stones, chimneys, and twisted ironwork litter the streets of Toulon, and the whole surrounding district presents a lamentable picture of devastation. The trees were stripped bare and distorted into the most grotesque forms. One of our illustrations shows the havoc wrought in a grove of plane-trees. Others give a vivid representation of the way in which houses have been torn to pieces. The site of the magazine appeared like the yawning crater of a volcano. In this water shortly collected, forming a considerable pond.

The population of the district was at first panic-stricken. Those who could, rushed into the streets only to be met by choking poisonous fumes. The fire brigade first rallied from the prevailing consternation, and a general rescue was organised. All through the day the rescue-parties toiled—firemen, soldiers, and labourers working strenuously among the wilderness of debris. A large staff of doctors lent ready assistance, and the clergy attended to offer the last consolations of religion to the dying. As our front-page illustration shows, the faithful priests, bearing the sacred oil and wafer, waited close to the piles of ruined masonry, and as one sufferer after another was released, were ready with their pious ministrations. The Prince of Wales, in passing through Toulon on his way to Cannes, sent a sympathetic message.

THE PRINCE AND THE PRESIDENT.

The interest which the Prince of Wales naturally takes in the preparations for the Paris Exhibition next year does not alone account for his desire to see the new President of the Republic. It is plain that he has seized the earliest opportunity to congratulate President Loubet, and thus give fresh proof of that desire for friendship with France which animates the ruling minds in England. The Prince's visit to the Elysée, which was no mere formality, is specially significant in view of the unamiable tone of a section of the Paris Press with regard to the Queen's journey to the Riviera. Drumont's journal had the impudence to warn her Majesty to abandon her projected visit because patriotic Frenchmen could not tolerate the presence of a Sovereign who represents a country which has been bought by the Dreyfus Syndicate! The Mayor of Nice has found it necessary to assure the British Ambassador in Paris that the inhabitants of his town are eager to welcome the Queen. Well, they may be! It is probable that President Loubet assured the Prince of Wales of the unflinching regard which every honest Frenchman has for the Queen of England. The Prince's popularity in France has always been great, and Paris looks upon him as a Parisian. His visit to the Elysée was returned by the President about an hour later, in accordance with the curious etiquette which compels two exalted personages to meet again almost immediately, when they have probably finished everything they had to say.

SCENES AT ASSOUAN.

Of the places in Egypt now visited by tourists during the winter season none has come more into favour than Assouan, the frontier town of Upper Egypt, on the borders of Nubia and the Sudan. It is situated just below the First Cataract of the Nile; and its beautiful scenery, as well as its delightful climate, attract to it a large number of visitors, some of whom make it their residence during a great part of the winter months. For them the need of some church accommodation beyond that which a room in the hotel has hitherto afforded has latterly become very evident. Several gentlemen, chiefly regular annual visitors, have interested themselves in the matter—notably Colonel Esdaile, Dr. Leigh Canney, and Mr. Somers Clarke, the well-known architect and Egyptologist, and by their exertions a sum of money has been collected sufficient to justify the work being taken in hand. A site has been chosen on the high ground near the ruins of the old castle, and levelling has been commenced. Our picture shows the chief promoters of the scheme superintending the first day's operations—a number of men are removing old houses and accumulated rubbish, while in the distance are the outlying parts of Assouan and the Arabian hills.

THE BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK.

We continue our illustrations of the recent great snow-storm in the United States, and this week show some peculiar effects of the extraordinary tempest in New York. During the severe weather fire and water contended in very unusual circumstances, for a conflagration broke out in Front Street, New York, and destroyed many buildings. At the time of the fire the temperature was at six degrees below zero, and the water, amounting to many tons' weight, thrown by the fire-engines was congealed on the front of the buildings into a fantastic curtain of icicles. One of our pictures shows the appearance of the ruined Whitehall Hotel; another illustration shows the condition of the streets, which an army of several thousand workmen, with three thousand horses and carts, could not clear of snow. For us on this side of the Atlantic, our two remaining pictures are of especial interest. They depict the condition of the White Star liner *Germanic*, which sank in New York Harbour from sheer weight of the ice incrustated upon her. The vessel has now been raised, but her fittings are utterly ruined by mud, which covers everything to the depth of many inches. It will cost thousands of pounds to restore her to good sea-going condition.

THE NEW GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The Great Central Railway, which was formally opened by Mr. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, on March 9, runs through a particularly interesting country. We illustrate several of the most notable points along the route. Annesley, where the new line begins, lies on the border of Sherwood Forest. Near by is Annesley Park, where Mary Chaworth, Byron's early love, celebrated by him in many poems, was born. Not far away stands



THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT TOULON: VIEW IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE MAGAZINE AFTER THE DISASTER.

the poet's home, Newstead Abbey, founded in 1170 by Henry II. in penance for the murder of Becket. The Byrons resided there from the dissolution of the monasteries until 1817. The chapter-house still stands, and is described in "Don Juan," in the lines which, as many readers will remember, begin—

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
... stood half apart

In a grand arch which once screened many an aisle.

Coming nearer London, the line passes Lutterworth, famous for Wycliffe's ministry there. The church is in the Early Decorated style, and contains a marble memorial to the translator by Westmacott. From the railway an excellent view of the town and church may be obtained. Our pictures conclude with a view of the extensive sidings at Neasden, one mile north-west of Willesden.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

"For the strength of the hills we thank Thee," sang the old Covenanters who sought refuge times and oft in their fastnesses. These words have been constantly recurring to my mind during a recent stay in a quiet old village by the side of the Ribble, under the shadow of Pendle Hill. Ancient among the hills, Pendle "stood in order" before the Himalayas reared their mighty heads. For this statement we have the authority of a Professor of Geology of Owens College. Camden quotes a saying common in his time: "Ingleborough, Pendle, and Penigent, And the highest hills between Scotland and Trent." The Ribble, again, was named "Belisama" by the old geographer Ptolemy in the second century, and in the name of the village of Samesbury on Ribble is found a trace of this.

Pendle has always been one of the principal landmarks of our country, and those who have been born under its shadow have a love for it akin to that of the Stirling folk for their Rock, and the people of Edinburgh for their Crags and Arthur's Seat.

Along the sides of the Ribble the Romans established

colonies, with their temples and altars. The vigorous octogenarian who showed me an old bull-ring by the Roman Road at the foot of Pendle said to me, "I don't admit to no scholarship," and a scholar of my acquaintance, commenting on this use of the verb *admit*, said, "What a purely Latin form of speech!"

Stukeley speaks of Pendle as "a vast black mountain, which is the morning weather-glass of the country people." Near it is the old farmhouse from whose open doorway the old lady who was a lineal descendant of Robert Burns used to gaze at the stars, and note the flight and the ways of the birds; she of whom I wrote recently, who could tell you what "the strollers had strolled." From another small farmhouse, near to hers, a lad went to his day-school who lately became Senior Wrangler of his year at Cambridge.

In the living-room, behind a shop in this long village street, a man I know, now a mathematical tutor in a large school, worked, and won the scholarships that enabled him to take his degree at Oxford. "I felt very small there at first," he told his father, "among all the big men." Yet his father came of a race that had farmed the same land across the fells, not far away, during four hundred years before he was born. One of his cousins is a doctor, another a successful Scripture-reader in the docks of one of our cities, a third is head master of a big school. The strength of the hills runs in their blood, and it tells.

And so it does in the veins of the lasses and lads with whom I danced at their Christmas ball. The Vicar was one of us, chatting pleasantly with a "wall-flower" here and there. It was held in the Assembly-Room over the reading-rooms of the village Institute; and it did one good to see the comfortable and seemly way in which the working-men's committee managed it all, and how attractive most of the girls looked in soft woollen frocks

and pretty lace. The "barn dance" was quite a sight.

At half-past four a.m. the ball was over. Many of the girls had walked three miles to the mills, where they had to arrive soon after six the day before; had walked home again in time to eat and to dress; and when their dance broke up there was just time to change their clothes, get breakfast, and start off to the mill again. Two days' work, and a whole night of dancing—and in the evening you met them coming home "as fresh as daisies." "Were they not tired?" No, indeed, and the refrains and rhythm of the night's unwonted amusement had rung in their ears, enlivening their work all through the day.

The main part of one mill at Grindleton, near the river, is over eight hundred years old. It used to be full of great old millstones. Past this three lasses go out from one cottage I know, on the dark winter mornings, so early that I used to hear the mother at her fire-lighting before four o'clock. They liked to get to the mill early, she said, so as to have a little time together before work began. Through the long, lilly lanes they tramped, in the dark, early morning, in wooden clogs, covered well by old cast-off macintoshes of their brothers—who had good situations in the office of a well-known Northern daily newspaper—one of them bearing a big, old-fashioned lantern, and often singing as they went.

"I suppose you are tired, and lie longer on Sundays," one asks. "We do lie longer sometimes, but we always have headaches of a Sunday when we do." The girls have mostly pale faces, owing to the heat inside the mills; yet they are thoroughly strong as a rule.

The total village population is eight hundred. Out of these, last winter, the Vicar gathered a whist club of from sixty to eighty men, mostly young ones. They met at the Institute every night, and had a whist tournament that lasted the whole winter; "pairing" and taking the names of the different football teams in England, the progress of the tournament being chalked up on the blackboard each evening.

The order of things changes but slowly here. The term of office of the two last churchwardens has covered over ninety years. The present one, a lawyer still practising in a town near, has been in office, I believe, for forty-three years; he is nearly, if not over, ninety years of age, yet he lately attended the Leeds Assizes, starting off at seven in the morning, and returning at night. Another lawyer living in the village is a great angler. He is over seventy, and when fishing lately in the company of two others who had not got "waders" on like himself, he carried them over the river on his back to save them a wetting. I trust these gentlemen will pardon the liberty I take in my personal notes. The lives of people here would satisfy even Dr. Julius Althaus, who wrote recently in the *Lancet* on the possibilities of a rejuvenescence in old age.

There is a restful, soothing charm to be found among the gentle, fir-clad Surrey hills that is grateful to the senses after a wearying city life; but for those who crave rather renewed vitality and healthful stimulus, there is strength and power to be drawn from the wolds and fells near those great hills that form the backbone of Old England.

J. A. O.

PERSONAL.

Sir Edward Albert Sassoon, the newly elected member of Parliament for Hythe in the Conservative interest, has not hitherto sat in St. Stephen's. He is forty-three years of age, and is the son of the late Sir Albert Sassoon, of the noted banking and mercantile firm in Bombay and London. The present Baronet was educated at London University. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Sussex, and has served as Captain in the Middlesex Yeomanry. He was elected by a majority of 527, no change taking place in the representation of Hythe. Sir Albert Sassoon succeeds Sir J. Bevan Edwards, retired.

Scottish ecclesiastical circles lose a striking personality in Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, who died at Bournemouth on March 1, in distressing circumstances. Dr. Boyd mistook a bottle of carbolic lotion for his usual sleeping draught, and within an hour expired from the effects of the poison.

Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd was a son of the manse, being the son of the parish minister of Auchinleck (the paternal estate of James Boswell), in Ayrshire. There the future divine and author was born in 1825. Ayr Academy, King's College, London, and Glasgow University each contributed to his training. He studied theology at Glasgow, and in 1851 was appointed to his first charge, Newton-on-Ayr. Since 1865 he held the first charge in St. Andrews, with which his name will always be most intimately associated. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1890. Dr. Boyd's literary works won him reputation both in England and America. He possessed a peculiar facility for giving commonplaces a felicitous turn, and therein lay the secret of his success. St. Andrews will miss him, for in her academically exclusive and somewhat Anglicising ecclesiastical life "A. K. H. B." played a characteristic part.

The firm of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son has lost its head, Mr. John Mason Cook, who was seized with illness while he was "personally conducting" the Emperor of Germany through Palestine last year. He came home by way of Egypt, of so many thousand journeys "the poor last," and died last Saturday at his house at Walton-on-Thames. The son of the founder of the firm, Mr. J. M. Cook joined his father in 1864 when the business was being transferred from Leicester to London. The Paris Exhibition of 1867 converted a small agency into a large one. The invention of the hotel coupon followed. Lord Beaconsfield consulted him about the communication between England and Cyprus; and it was his firm that conveyed nearly twenty thousand soldiers to the Second Cataract for the British Government during the Nile Campaign of 1884. The firm may, in fact, be said to have taken rank less as a private enterprise than as a national institution. Mr. Cook was himself a man of large-hearted, generous nature, who secured the sincere and warm affection of a host of friends.

The late Mr. William Bickford-Smith, who died on Feb. 24 at Travarno, near Helston, represented the Truro Division of Cornwall in Parliament from 1885 till 1892. Born in 1827, he was the eldest son of the late Mr. George Smith, of Camborne. In 1868, on inheriting the property of his maternal grandfather, William Bickford, he assumed the additional surname of Bickford. Mr. Bickford-Smith devoted much of his leisure to the patronage of art and literature. He was also a devoted member of the Wesleyan community, which found in him a generous benefactor.

On Feb. 12 there died at Brighton Alice Marshman, the widow of John Clark Marshman—a name associated for over half a century with the cause of missions and education in India. Born at Ipswich in 1816, Mrs. Marshman

was the daughter and coheir of John Sparrowe, and her family had been established in East Anglia for nearly five hundred years. After eleven years of mission work in India she returned to England and took up the cause of London shopwomen, and, in conjunction with the late Lady Kinnaid, founded the Young Women's Christian Association.

The late Herr Emil Welti, one of Switzerland's foremost statesmen, was born on April 23, 1823, at Zurzach, in the canton of Aargau, and after a highly distinguished school and college career, became, while yet a comparatively young man, President of the District Court of Zurzach. In 1856 he was elected to the Government of his canton, and during the next twelve years, while he kept in office there, he was thrice President of the Cantonal Government. He also held office as Minister of Justice, Minister of War, and Minister of Posts and Railways. Herr Welti retired into private life in 1891. He was not

the engagement at Gedarif. Captain Hore-Ruthven went at great personal risk to the assistance of a wounded Egyptian officer. The officer lay within fifty yards of the advancing Dervishes, but Captain Hore-Ruthven ran out, picked him up, and carried him towards the 16th Egyptian Battalion. Several times Captain Hore-Ruthven dropped his burden and fired on the advancing foe, thus keeping them at bay. Captain Hore-Ruthven is the son of Lord Ruthven, and is, it is stated, the first militiaman to win the Victoria Cross.

Captain the Hon. Richard FitzRoy Somerset, second son of Baron Raglan, who died at Liverpool on March 2, had landed only the previous Sunday morning from the African steamer *Jebba*. In February of last year Captain Somerset, who belonged to the Grenadier Guards, proceeded to West Africa and took part in the formation of the frontier forces. Being struck down with fever, he was invalided home, and reached England only to die in the Royal Southern

Hospital at Liverpool. He was thirty-four years of age. Captain Somerset was interred on March 4, in Llandenny Churchyard, the family burying-place. At the same time a memorial service was held in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

Much interest has been excited by the German Emperor's telegram to Mrs. Kipling. He avows himself "an enthusiastic admirer" of Mr. Kipling's work because it represents the spirit of "our great common race." It is easy to understand why the Kaiser admires Mr. Kipling. They have a good deal in common, and may be said to view life from the same standpoint. But the tribute to "our great common race" is unexpected. It shows that the Emperor William wishes to be friendly both with Britons and Americans.

The death of Mr. Kipling's elder daughter Josephine is a sad blow to a sorely tried family. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Kipling has conquered the disease which at one time seemed likely to be fatal to him. The fact of his daughter's death has to be kept from him in his enfeebled state, and this imposes an additional strain upon his wife. The public sympathy is greater than ever, but it would show more tact and consideration by not overwhelming Mrs. Kipling with messages which must make the emotional crisis all the more acute.

Surmise is busy with the resignation of Lord Penzance, Dean of Arches. It is thought that this step has something to do with the crisis in the Church, but Lord Penzance is eighty-two, and may consider that he has had enough of official work at that time of life. He was transferred from the Divorce Court to the Court of Arches in 1876. Mr. Justice Phillimore is mentioned as a likely successor. He is a High Churchman, but then the High Church party have never accepted the Court of Arches as a tribunal which is morally entitled to take part in the government of the Church.

Esterhazy is again the subject of feverish curiosity. He has made a further revelation of his relations with the General Staff. It is a story of well-known officers disguised in spectacles and false beards, and eager to provide Esterhazy with the means to baffle justice. He admits, for example, that his acquittal by court-martial was prearranged. He gives the text of a letter dictated to him by Colonel du Paty de Clam, setting forth the reasons (wholly unconvincing) why he could never have written the *bordereau*. He refused to answer any questions about that document before the Cour de Cassation, though everybody knows that it is in his handwriting. The broad conclusion is that the General Staff desired, and still desire, to shield somebody much more important than Esterhazy, and made use of him for this purpose until they thought they could safely cast him off.



Photo. L. Weston, Folkestone.
SIR E. A. SASSOON, BART.,
New Member for Hythe.



CAPTAIN THE HON. A. G. A. HORE-RUTHVEN,
New V.C.

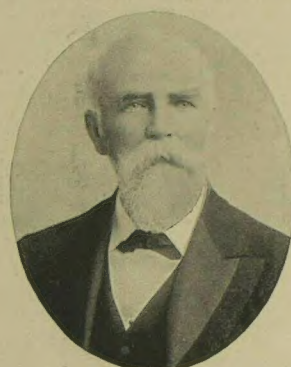


Photo. BARNES.
THE LATE MR. JOHN M. COOK.



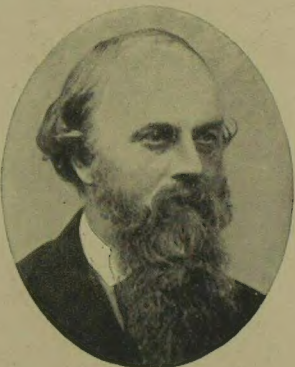
Photo. Russell and Sons.
THE LATE MR. W. BICKFORD-SMITH.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. A. K. H. BOYD.



Photo. W. and T. Stuart.
THE LATE CAPTAIN THE HON. R. FITZROY SOMERSET.



THE LATE MR. HENRY LARKIN.



Photo. E. Pannell, Brighton.
THE LATE MRS. MARSHMAN.



THE LATE HERR EMIL WELTI.

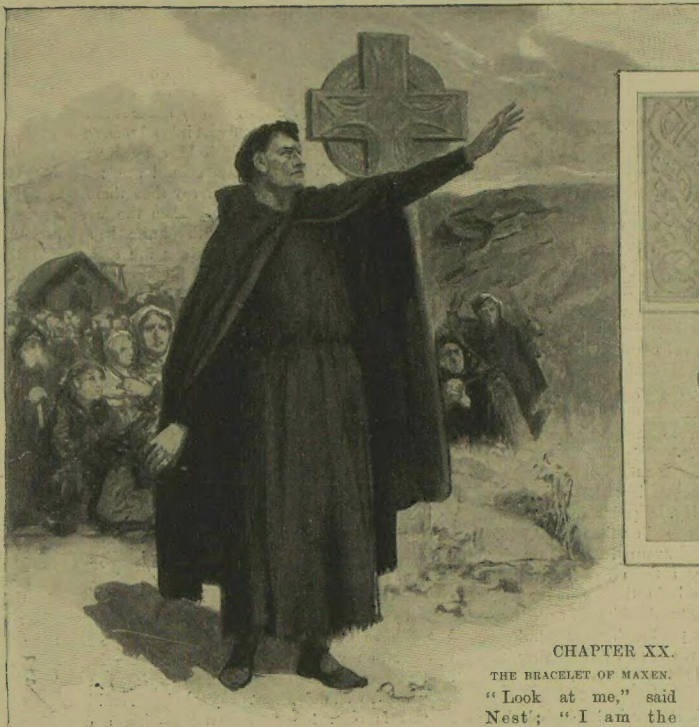
only an eminent statesman, but one of Switzerland's greatest and best-beloved orators.

The death of Mr. Henry Larkin a week or so ago removes from us another of Carlyle's friends. Scarcely anyone, perhaps, knew him better. Mr. Larkin published, in 1886, a volume called "Carlyle and the Open Secret of his Life," and he contributed an article on the great writer to the *Quarterly Review* shortly after his death. His relations with Carlyle were principally those of indexer, he having made all the exceedingly capable indexes to Carlyle's works. Among other acknowledgments that the sage rendered to his friend was a life membership to the London Library. Although he touched upon biography so far as Carlyle was concerned, science was Mr. Larkin's great love, and he was writing a book on astronomy at the time of his death. A work by him entitled "Extra Physics and the Mystery of Creation," was published twenty years ago by Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. Henry Larkin was born in Manchester in 1820, and was thus in his seventy-ninth year.

Her Majesty has conferred the Victoria Cross on Captain the Hon. A. G. A. Hore-Ruthven, 3rd Battalion Highland Light Infantry. On Sept. 22, 1898, during



BY RAIL TO KLONDIKE.—SKAGWAY VALLEY FROM THE DEAD HORSE TRAIL, SHOWING OLD TRAIL BESIDE THE RIVER: ABOVE IS THE NEW WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY.
During the summer of 1897 the Dead Horse Trail became a quagmire in which thousands of pack animals perished. It had to be abandoned until winter rendered the sleigh road fairly serviceable. The railway has now changed all that.



PABO

THE PRIEST

By S. BARING GOULD.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BRACELET OF MAXEN.

"Look at me," said Nest; "I am the daughter of Rhys and

sister of your Prince Griffith. How I have been treated God knows, but not worse than my dear-country. I have been cast into the arms of one of its oppressors, and I welcome it, because I can do something thereby for those of my people who suffer. Griffith is about. He will do great things. I sent him with warning to you. And now I will even yet save you. Know you where you are? Whither I have brought you? Come further." She led him down among the smooth shoulders of rock, and showed him pans scooped out in the limestone ledges that brimmed with water.

There was no well in Careg Cennen. It would not have availed to have sunk one. In the dry limestone there were no springs. Gerald the Norman would not have reared his castle on this barren head of rock had he not known that water was accessible in this natural cave.

But this cavern had been known and utilised long before the Norman adventurers burst into Wales. At some remote age, we know not how many centuries or tens of centuries before, some warfaring people had surrounded the top of the hill with a wall of stones, not set in mortar, but sustained in place by their own weight. And to supply themselves with water, they had cut a path like a thread in the face of the precipice to the mouth of a gaping cavern that could be seen only from the slopes of the Black Mountains, on the further side of the Cennen River.

In this vault water incessantly dripped, not in rapid showers, but slowly; in wet weather more rapidly than at times of dryness, yet even in the most burning, rainless seasons, there never was an absolute cessation of falling drops. To receive these, bowls had been scooped out in ledges of rock; and hither came the maidens daily with their pitchers, to supply the wants of all in the castle.

What the Norman builders had done was to broaden the path by cutting deeper into the face of the cliff, and to build up the face towards the precipice, leaving loopholes at intervals, to prevent accidents such as might happen through vertigo, or a turn of an ankle, or a slip on the polished lime-rock. The whole mouth of the cavern had also been walled up, so that no one unacquainted with the arrangements within the castle would have suspected its existence.

To fill the pitchers the water-carriers were furnished with wooden spoons and shallow ladles, with which they scooped up the liquid from the rock-basins into their vessels.

Hither Nest, the wife of Gerald of Windsor, had brought Pabo. She had learned what was the doom of the Archpriest so soon as the interview was over between him, the bishop, and her husband. Nest was a subtle woman. Lovely beyond any other woman in Britain, and with that exquisite winsomeness of manner which only a Celtic woman possesses, which a Saxon can ape but not acquire, she was able when she exerted her powers to cajole Gerald, and obtain from him much that his judgment warned him he should not yield. For a long time she had induced him even to harbour her brother Griffith, but he did so only so long as the young man was not in open revolt against King Henry.

She had not on this occasion attempted to induce Gerald to mitigate the sentence on Pabo. She reserved her cajolery for another occasion. Now she had recourse to other means. With a little cleverness, she had succeeded in securing the key of the dungeon; but for her own good reasons she did not desire that her husband should learn, or even suspect, that she had contrived the escape of the prisoner.

Pabo stood by her in the great natural domed vault in the bowels of the mountain, crowned by Careg Cennen Castle; and by the flicker of the lamp he saw her face, and wondered at its beauty.

"Pabô, priest of God!" she said, and her face worked with emotion. "Heaven alone knows what a life I lead—a double life, a life behind a mask. I have a poor, weak, trembling woman's heart, that bleeds and suffers for my people. I have but one love—one only love, that fills and flames in all my veins: it is the love of Wales, of my country, my beautiful, my sovereign country. And, O God! my people. Touch them, and I quiver and am tortured, and durst not cry out. Yet am I linked to one who is my husband, and I belong to him in body. Yet hath he not my immortal soul, he hath not this passionate heart. Nay! Not one single drop of the burning Welsh blood that dances and boils in every artery." She clasped her hands to her heart. "Oh, Pabo, my lot

is in sad quarters! My life is one continuous martyrdom for my country, for my people, for their laws, their freedom, their Church! What can I do? Look at these women's fingers! What gifts have I? Only this fair face and this golden hair, and a little mother wit. I give all to the good cause. And now," she became more calm in tone, and she put forth her hand and clasped the priest by the wrist, and spake in measured tones, though her finger-ends worked nervously. "And now—learn this. For reasons that I cannot speak plainly, I would not have my husband know that I



"As thou canst not descend, mount, and thou art free."

have contrived thy escape. And I cannot contrive to pass thee out through the gates. There is but one way that thou canst be freed. See—the women come hither to draw water, and the door creaks on its hinges whensoever opened. When thou hearest the door cry out, then hide thee under the stair, or yonder in the depth of the cave. None of the wenches penetrate further than these basins. But after they have left—and they come but in the morning and at eve—then thou hast this place to thyself. Know that there is no escape downwards from the eyelet-holes. It is a sheer fall—and if that were adventured, thou wouldst be dashed to pieces, as was one of the Normandy masons who was engaged on the wall. He lost his foothold and fell—and was but a mangled heap at the bottom. No—that way there is no escape. I have considered well, and this is what I have devised.” She paused and drew a long breath. “There stands a stout and well-rooted thorn-tree on the crag above. I will tarry till supper-time, when my lord and his men will be merry over their cups, and then will I swing a bracelet—this.” She took off a twisted serpent of gold, quaintly wrought, from her wrist. “This I will attach to a string, and I will fasten the other end to the thorn-tree. Then shall the bracelet be swung to and fro, and do thou remain at one of the loopholes, and put forth thine hand and catch the string as it swings. Hold it fast and do thou draw it in. Then I will attach a knotted rope to the string, and draw on until thou hast hold of the rope. Thereupon I will make the other end fast to the thorn-tree, and, as thou canst not descend, mount, and thou art free.”

Pabo hesitated—then said, “It seems to me that these eyelet-holes are too narrow for a man’s body to pass through.”

“It is well said,” answered Nest, “and of that I have thought. Here is a stout dagger. Whilst thou canst, work out the mortar from between the joints of the masonry about the window-slit yonder. It is very fresh and not set hard. But remove not the stone till need be.”

“I will do so.”

“And as to the bracelet,” continued Nest, “it is precious to me, and must not be left here to betray what I have done. Bring it away with thee.”

“And when I reach the thorn-tree then I will restore it thee.”

“Nay,” rejoined Nest, “take it with thee, and go find my brother Griffith, wherever he be, and give it to him. Know this: it was taken from the cairn of Maxen Wledig, the Emperor of Britain, whose wife was a Welsh princess, and whose sons ruled in Britain, and of whose blood are we. Tell him to return me my bracelet within the walls of Dynevor. Tell him”—her breath came fast and like flame from her lips—“tell him that I will not wear it till he restore it to me in the castle of our father—in the royal halls of our ancestors, the Kings of Dyfed, and has fed the ravens of Dynevor with English flesh.”

Again she calmed down.

A strange, passionate woman. At one moment flaming into consuming heat, then lulling down to calm and coolness. It was due to the double life she lived; the false face she was constrained to assume, and the undying, inextinguishable patriotic ardour that ate out her heart, that was so closely and for so long time smothered, but which must at times force itself into manifestation. Pabo, looking into that wondrous face, by the flicker of the little lamp, saw in it a whole story of sorrow, shame, rage, love, and tenderness mapped out.

A strange and terrible life-story had hers been—even in young days.

She had been taken from her home while quite a child, and committed as a hostage to the charge of Henry Beauclerk; he had done her the worst outrage that could have been offered—when she was helpless, an alien from her home and people, in his power. Then, without caring whether she liked the man or not, he had married her to Gerald of Windsor, the spoiler, the ravager of South Wales. Once, Owen ap Cadogan, son of the Prince of Cadogan, had seen her at a banquet and oisteddof given by her father at Aberteifi, to which the kings, princes, and lords of Wales had been invited. Among all the fair ladies there assembled none approached in beauty the young Princess Nest, daughter of King Rhys, and wife of Gerald of Windsor. Owen went mad with love. On the plea of kinship he visited her in Pembroke Castle, set it on fire, and while it was blazing carried her away into Powys.

Nor was she an unwilling victim: she accompanied him, but only because she trusted that he would rouse all Wales and unite North and South in one great revolt against the power of England. And, indeed, at his summons, like a wildfire, revolt had spread through Dyfed, Cardigan, and southern Powys. Only North Wales remained unmoved. The struggle was brief—the Cymri were poor and deficient in weapons of war, and were unable to withstand the compact masses hurled against them, in perfect military discipline, and securing every stride by the erection of a stronghold. Owen, carrying with him plenty of spoil, fled to Ireland, where he was hospitably received, and Gerald recovered his wife. She was disillusioned. Owen sought no nobler end than the amassing of plunder and the execution of vindictive revenge on such as had offended him. His ferocity had

alienated from him the hearts of his people, for his sword had been turned rather against such of his own kin who had incurred his resentment than against the common foe. Into Cardigan, the realm of Owen’s father, Strongbow had penetrated, and had planted castles.

Presently, harbouring treachery in his heart, Owen returned from Ireland and threw himself into the arms of Henry Beauclerk, who flattered him with promises and took him in his company to Normandy, where he bestowed on Owen the honour of knighthood, and had converted him into a creature ready to do his pleasure, without scruple.

Pembroke Castle had been rebuilt, Carmarthen was girt with iron-bound towers; in rear, Strongbow was piling up fortresses at Aberystwyth and Dingeraint.

“See!” said Nest; “poorly hast thou fared hitherto. I have laid in a store of food for thee under the stair. Be ready just before nightfall. Lay hold of the golden bracelet, and retain it till thou encounterest Griffith, then give it him with my message. Let him return it me in our father’s ruined hall of Dynevor, when it is his own once more.”

CHAPTER XXI.

SANCTUARY.

Rogier was pacing up and down in the house of which he had taken possession. On the table lay, heaped in bags of woven grass, the fine that had been imposed on the tribe. All had been paid. The elders had endeavoured hard to induce him to accept two-thirds from them and to levy the remainder on Cadell; but he bade them squeeze their Archpriest—he was not going to trouble himself to do that—and the rest of the silver was produced. The men hoped to be able to recoup themselves later by deducting this third from their payments to the pastor thrust upon them.

As Pabo had been secured, Rogier had released those who were detained in the court-house; they had returned to their homes.

It was anticipated that now the Norman would withdraw along with his men; he had no further excuse for remaining. But he gave not the smallest token of an intention to remove.

Cadell had entered. He also wished to know how long the foreigners would tarry in the place. So long as they were there it would be impossible for him to come to friendly terms with his flock. Yet, though he desired that the bulk of the men-at-arms, along with their captain, should withdraw, he did not by any means desire to be left completely alone in the midst of a population that regarded him with a malevolent eye, were unwilling to receive his ministrations, acknowledge his authority, and even show him ordinary civility.

He had accordingly entered the house in the hopes of arranging with the bishop’s brother terms whereby he might have two or four men left in Caio to support him in emergencies without being ostensibly his servants.

A plea might easily be found in the refractory humour of the people for a small guard to be left till they proved more compliant.

Near the door, against the wall, Morwen was seated, pale but resolved, with her hands folded.

“You seem to be in a vast impatience to see my back,” said Rogier, “but let me tell you, Master Chaplain, I like this place. It lyeth well to the sun, the soil is fertile and amply watered. It is suitably timbered, and methinks there is building-stone here that might serve to construct a stronghold. I have looked about me and fancied Pen-y-ddinas. It crieth out for a castle to stand upon it—dominating, as it doth, the whole valley.”

“A castle for the bishop?”

“Oh! save your presence and clergy. It is well for one to feather one’s own nest first. As to the Church, hers is downy enough without needing to pluck more geese to make her easier.”

“Then for whom?”

“For myself, of course. This is a fair district; it is girded about with mountains; it has been occupied for centuries by a thrifty people who have hoarded their silver. Methinks I could soon contrive to make of it a barony of Caio for myself.”

“But,” said Cadell, aghast, “these be Church lands. You would not rob the Church?”

“By no means are they Church lands. This is tribal land, and it so chances that the head of the tribe has been for some time—how long I know not—an ecclesiastic. But that is an accident.”

“It is the sanctuary of David.”

“But not the property of the see of David. It is the sanctuary of Cynwyl, I take it; and it has so fallen out that the inheritor of the chieftainship has been for some years—it may be centuries—in priestly orders. But as to belonging to the see, that it never did. Now I take it, there shall be a separation of powers, and I will assume the secular rule, and constitute myself Baron of Caio—and thou, if it please thee, shalt be Archpriest, and exercise ecclesiastical authority. It will be best so—then I and my bull-dogs will be ever hard by to help thee in thy difficulties.”

“The bishop will never agree to this.”

“He must. Am I going to fight his battles and not be paid for it, and fix my price?”

“Does he know of thy purpose?”

“I care not whether he do or not. I shall take my course, and he cannot oppose me, because he dare not. By the soul of the Conqueror, Sir Chaplain, these fat farmers ooze with money. I have but given them a little squeeze, and they have run out silver—it is yonder, dost mark it? Hast thou seen cider made? They make it in my country. The apples are chopped up and cast into a broad stone grooved trough, and a lever is brought to bear, laden with immense weights, to crush them. You should see, man, how the juice runs out, and you would say that there was never another drop of liquor in them. Then the lever is raised, and the weight shifted; next with a knife the apple-cheese is pared all round and the parings are cast up in the middle. Again the lever is worked, and out flows as much as at first, till again it appears that all is drained away. And this process is renewed to five times, and every time out pours the generous and sweet must. It is not with apples as with grapes. These latter once well pressed yield all—apples must be pressed to six and even seven times. My Cadell, these peasants are juicy apples. If I send this first squeeze to my brother, I reserve the after outgushes for mine own drinking.”

Cadell looked down disconcerted. He knew very well that Rogier’s scheme would mean the shrinkage to but little of his power and profits.

“You do not understand this people,” said he, after some consideration. “You will drive them to desperation with your rough treatment. They are a kindly and a gentle folk that are easily led, but ill driven.”

“Well now,” said Rogier, and laughed. He halted, leaned against the table, and folded his arms. “It is so; but I have a scheme such as will reconcile the tribe of Cynwyl to my rule. And thou art come here suitably at this moment, to assist me in carrying it out.”

“What wouldst thou?” asked Cadell sulkily.

“It is even this,” answered Rogier, and again he laughed. “Dost see? I have been courting a pretty wench. But it is bad wooing when I cannot speak a word of Welsh and she as little of French. Now, Sir Priest, be my go-between, and say sweet and tender words to her from me, and bring me back her replies of the same savour.”

“I cannot! I will not!” exclaimed the chaplain indignantly.

“I ask of thee nothing dishonest,” said Rogier; “far otherwise. I have a fancy to make the pretty Morwen my wife—and Baroness Caio. Tell her that—all is in good sooth and my purpose is honourable, the Church shall be called to bless us.”

“She is another man’s wife!”

“Nay, nay, a priest’s leman—that is all. And if that stick in thy throat, be conscience-smoothed. By this time Pabo is no more. I know my brother’s temper. He is a man who never forgives; and the loss of a pair of teeth is not that he will pass over.”

“But he does not hold that this man you have sent him is Pabo.”

“Pshaw! he knows better. Whether he be Pabo, or whether he be not, Bernard will never suffer him to live a week after he has him between his two palms. Therefore, seeing Morwen is a widow; and free, now, all is plain, my intent is good. If I marry her—who has been the wife of the chieftain of the tribe, I enter upon all his rights so far as they are secular; those that be ecclesiastical I leave to thee.”

“Not so,” said Cadell sharply. “She is no heiress. She is not of the blood.”

“Oh! she shall be so esteemed. Scripture is with me—man and wife be no more twain but one flesh, so that she enters into all his rights, and I take them over along with her. It will smooth the transfer. The people will like it, or will gulp down what is forced on them, and pretend to be content.”

“This is preposterous—the heir to the tribal rights is Goronwy, the cousin of Pabo.”

“That cripple? The people would not have him before to rule over them. They will not now. Let them look on him and then on me; there can be but one decision. If there be a doubt, I shall contrive to get the weasel out of the way. And, moreover,” said Rogier, who chuckled over his scheme, “all here are akin—that is why there was such a to-do about the seven degrees. It hit them all. I warrant ye, when gone into, it will be found that she has in her the blood of— What is the name?”

“Cunedda.”

“Ay, of that outlandish old forefather. If not, I can make it so. There is a man here—Meredith they call him—a bard and genealogist. I have a pair of thumb-screws, and I can spoil his harping for ever unless he discover that the pretty wench whom I design for myself, to be my Baroness Caio, be lineally descended from—I cannot mind the name—and be, after Goronwy, the legitimate heir to all the tribal rights. Cadell, you can make a man say and swear to anything with the persuasion of thumb-screws. A rare institution.”

The chaplain said nothing to this. It was a proposition that did not admit of dispute.

A good many of the Norman barons had taken the Welsh heiresses to them as a means of disarming the opposition they encountered, perhaps feeling a twinge of compunction at their methods of appropriation of lands by the

sword. Gerald of Windsor, as we have seen, was married to a princess of the royal race of Dyfed, though not, indeed, an heiress. A knight occupying a subordinate position, if he chanced to secure as wife the heiress of some Welsh chief, at once claimed all her lands and rights, and sprang immediately into the position of a great baron.

"Come, sweetheart!" exclaimed Rogier boisterously, and went up to Morwen and caught her by the chin. "Look me in the face and say 'Ay!' and I will put a coronet of pearls on thy black hair."

She shrank from him—not, indeed, understanding his words, but comprehending that she was treated with disrespect.

"Speak to her, you fool!" said Rogier angrily. "She must be told what I purpose. If not by you then by Pont l'Espee, whom I will call in. But by the Conqueror's paunch, I do not care to do my wooing through the mouth of a common serving-man."

Cadell stood up from the seat into which he had lowered himself and approached Morwen.

"Hark y'!" said the Norman; "No advice of thine

There, to his surprise, he saw a woman—it was Morwen, clinging to the wicker-work screen.

"It is sanctuary! It is sanctuary!" she cried, as she saw him. "They shall not tear me hence."

"Nay," said Cadell; "that they dare not. I will maintain thy right to sanctuary. It is well. To Cynwyl thou hast appealed, Cynwyl shall protect thee."

(To be continued.)

ECCLIESIASTICAL NOTES.

The question is asked whether the authorities at St. Paul's would allow the Church Association to hold a corporate Communion at St. Paul's in the same manner as the English Church Union was allowed to do.

The manifesto of the English Church Union has greatly excited the Evangelicals. It is stated that the Bishop of Lincoln is a member, but the other Bishops connected with the society are mostly Colonial and American. The organisation, however, throughout the country is very

Unitarian Chapels both in London and in Birmingham. Lord Herschell was the son of a Polish Jew, who became a Nonconformist minister and officiated in John Street, Edgware Road. His uncle, the Rev. D. A. Herschell, was for a very long period a Congregational minister in Loughborough Road, Brixton.

The late Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, whose lamentable death at Bournemouth is much deplored, was warmly in sympathy with the Church of England, in spite of his position as one of the most eminent ministers of the Established Church in Scotland. His chief friend was the late Bishop Thorold, and his son has recently been appointed to an important Kentish rectory. Another rising man in the Church of England, the Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, is the son of Dr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, also a well-known minister in the Church of Scotland.

Lord Hugh Cecil is to put down a notice of motion for the rejection of the Church Discipline Bill, which is down for its second reading on Wednesday.



"It is sanctuary! it is sanctuary!" she cried, as she saw him. "They shall not tear me hence."

own, I can see thou likest not my design. Say my words, give my message, and bear me back her reply—and thrust in naught of thy mind, and thy suasion."

"What, then, shall I say?"

"Tell her that I am not one to act with violence unless thwarted, and in this particular thwarted I will not be. Tell her that I desire that she shall be my wife; and say that I will make myself baron over this district of Caio—King Henry will deny me nothing I wot—and she shall rule and reign the rest of her days by a soldier's side, instead of by that of a cassocked clerk."

Cadell translated the offer.

Morwen's large deep eyes were fixed on him intently as he spoke, and her lips trembled.

"I must give an answer," said the priest.

Then Morwen rose and replied: "He will surely give me time to consider."

"Ay, ay, till to-morrow," said Rogier when her words were translated to him.

Thereupon Morwen bowed and left the house.

Rogier took a step towards the door, but Cadell stayed him. "Give her till to-morrow to be alone."

"Well," said he, "to-morrow shall settle it."

Cadell left, and instead of seeking his lodging he went into the church.

effective. It is noticeable at the time I write that no member has protested against the memorial, although it has been disavowed by the defenders of the High Church party in the daily press.

The death is announced of the Rev. A. J. McCaul, tutor in King's College, London, and Rector of St. Magnus. Mr. McCaul was a good Hebrew scholar, and very much interested in missions to the Jews.

The *Church Times* says that the appointment of a successor to fill Lord Penzance's place, if any be made, will not lead to peace, but rather to anarchy.

The death is announced of Canon Edmunds, Vicar of Kylloe Beal. Early in his clerical life Mr. Edmunds was curate of Harrow, where he made the acquaintance of the present Bishop of Durham, then a Harrow master. He carried on his studies chiefly in Biblical research, having contributed to the "Speaker's Commentary," and having also written a Commentary of his own, including remarks on every verse in the Bible.

Lord Herschell was a Sunday-school teacher. Among eminent politicians who have been Sunday-school teachers are to be included Lord Selborne, Lord Hatherley, and Mr. Chamberlain. The last was a Sunday-school teacher in

May 10. The Bill has been prepared by the Liverpool Layman's League. It will probably be considerably modified, and there is a prospect that it will have a large measure of support from Nonconformists, though some Nonconformists take the view that they should confine themselves to efforts for Disestablishment.

It is stated that Mr. George Cadbury has purchased the fabric and site of St. Peter's, Dale End, one of the doomed city churches of Birmingham, on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, for £6500. On this a Church paper bitterly remarks: "So while Birmingham Churchmen sell their churches, Dissenters step in and secure them."

A selection from Father John Sergieff's book, "My Life in Christ," of passages most likely to interest and edify members of the English Church has been made by the Rev. Cyril Bickersteth and Mrs. Illingworth, and will be published shortly. An interesting little book on Father John was recently published by the Rev. Dr. Whyte, of Edinburgh.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who does not hurry, will not hold his Court for the hearing of cases of Ritual for some weeks to come.



THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO PRESIDENT LOUBET.

SCENES AT ASSOUAN, THE SITE OF THE GREAT NILE DAM.



G. MONTBARD.

ASSOUAN, FROM THE SAND BANKS OF THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE.



H. J. L. 1899. 10 704.

PREPARING THE FOUNDATION OF THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT ASSOUAN.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The death of Lord Herschell will not make any great difference to the negotiations, otherwise interrupted, of the Conference that was once of Quebec, and lately has been of Washington. He was, above all things, a man of determination, strong rather than



Photo. Bassano.

THE LATE LORD HERSCHELL, TWICE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

sweet, compelling rather than winning those who came within his influence. Of Hebrew blood, and yet the son of a Nonconformist Minister, he rose to the Woolsack, with its great Church patronage, and was so fair in its distribution that nobody ever complained



THE STEAM-SHIP "HESPERUS"; WHICH RESCUED THE "LABRADOR'S" PASSENGERS.

From Photographs by Mr. Murdoch, Secretary Northern Lighthouse Board.



WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP "LABRADOR": SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE, WHERE EIGHTEEN OF THE PASSENGERS FOUND SHELTER.

of him as an alien or an intruder. Of late years he suffered from short sight, and that defect, no doubt, was the cause of the accident which was to be followed, rather unexpectedly, by his death. His body will rest in England, the scene of his many legal and political and social activities.

The wreck of the *Labrador* on Mackenzie Rock, about twenty-five miles west of the island of Mull, has brought into prominence the name of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, designed and built by the father of Robert Louis Stevenson. Between ten and twenty of the passengers of the *Labrador* found shelter there after the wreck, until they were released by the steam-ship *Hesperus*, which took them off to Oban. The *Labrador* is a Dominion Line steam-ship, and it left Halifax for Liverpool, carrying mails and with over sixty passengers on board. Nearing the British Isles, when there was a thick fog, the ship lost its bearings, and owing to the Skerryvore light being mistaken for one in the north of Ireland, the course was supposed to be clear, and good speed was put on, only to make the crash and impact the greater. Captain Erskine behaved with the greatest self-command. The women and children in the first boat, the rest of the passengers in another, and the crew in a third, headed for Skerryvore, leaving the letter-bags, as well as a cargo of grain, and all sorts of personal belongings, to perish with the ship. One boat reached Skerryvore, and from the others the inmates were rescued by the *Viking*, a German steamer, and landed on the Island of Mull.

The golden chalice for New York Cathedral, of which an illustration is given on this page, is a magnificent piece of work. It stands eleven inches high, and weighs exactly fifty ounces. The plinth is hexagon in plan, with intermediate pointed spandrels enriched throughout with delicately mounted wire work and pierced tracery, from which rises the base. The centre panel has the Crucifixion, with the lily and passion-flower in beaten relief on either side, and enriched with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. The other five panels are mounted with medallions of repoussé figure-work, representing the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Last Supper, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. These panels are surmounted with crocketed canopies of beaten metal. The stem and knop are of beaten and pierced tracery; from the centre of the knop project six hexagon shaped bosses encrusted with large faceted sapphires, and between each boss are graceful beaten leaves with ruby centres. Above the stem is a rich canopied open cup-piece with crocketed buttresses at each angle, and supported beneath by flying angels, in which rests the perfectly plain bowl. Adequately to describe the great beauty of this chalice is almost impossible; suffice it to say that it is in design of the choicest fourteenth-century period, and has occupied just upon four years to carry out. The chalice, which has been executed by Messrs. Keith and Co., of London, and was designed by Mr. W. Keith, is undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of modern ecclesiastical art workmanship that this country has seen.



CHALICE FOR NEW YORK CATHEDRAL.

An accident on a trial-trip seems to be doubly unfortunate, but it is not, after all, a final test. The killing of Mr. Huskisson did not stay the locomotive; and the claims of the motor-car, as a substitute for the horse-van, will no doubt be still considered by the Auxiliary Army and Navy Stores, despite the recent terrible accident. A party of gentlemen connected with the Stores rode to Harrow and back on a motor-car, by way of seeing for themselves the merits of that mode of conveyance before adopting it for the delivery of their parcels. The defective action of the brake allowed the car to get beyond the driver's control in the descent of a steep hill on the return journey, and the overthrow and collapse of the car was accompanied by the instantaneous death of the driver, the mortal injury of one of the passengers, and the severe shaking of the others. From the Riviera come complaints that the enthusiasm of Frenchmen as owners of automobiles is not equalled by their caution or competence as drivers. The other day an awkward accident—one of many such almost daily reported—took place near Sir Arthur Sullivan's villa at Beaulieu, when a car coming from Monte Carlo made a diversion of forty feet down a steep bank, in this case wounding the owner and injuring two ladies, but allowing the driver to leap out and to alight unhurt.

Every Viceroy of India has done his best to encourage medical science, and at a meeting of the Dufferin Fund in Calcutta the other day, Lord Curzon was able to quote Mr. Kipling in one of his last verses—"which we all hope will not be his last"—the verse of the "White Man's Burden" which tells him to "bid sickness cease." The illness of the "white man" himself at that moment did not lessen the appropriateness of the quotation; and the great company cheered the sentiment, as it did also the statement of the speaker that Lady Curzon had determined to accomplish something to alleviate the lot of the women of India.

The Pope has been testing his powers of memory during his enforced rest by repeating stanza after stanza of Dante by heart. He declares that when he forgets Dante he will have forgotten everything.

The recent terrible blizzard in America has recalled to vivid recollection that of 1888. That of last month was, however, in all respects, more severe than its notable predecessor, the temperature alone being nearly ten degrees lower than the lowest recorded in the blizzard of eleven years ago. In New York the hardships which such storms inflict are felt most severely by the hundreds of thousands of citizens who must daily travel many miles to reach their places of employment. To traverse streets blocked with snow, and to cross the ice-covered streams separating Manhattan from Brooklyn, Staten Island, and New Jersey, became a heroic labour. Only after the first fury of the tempest had abated

could the ferry-steamers venture to put out, and even then their progress was slow. Our Illustration shows one of these boats on East River ploughing her way through the field of ice—a veritable Arctic scene. Other storm scenes in New York are illustrated and described elsewhere in our present number.

Westward Ho is by no means the boast of Devon as a place of beauty, and the name itself would have been more interesting had it not been borrowed from a novel. But it is a place in which a schoolboy could hardly find a ground for discontent; and that there is a college at Westward Ho everyone now knows who has an acquaintance with the episodes of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's career. He himself has made the world more than ever aware of his schooldays by the series of articles he has recently written under the title of "Stalky and Co." Stalky had two great friends in all of these escapades by moor and shore, and to the making of one of them, the one who bears the name of "Beetle," a great deal of autobiographical matter has undoubtedly gone. No school can teach all that Mr. Kipling knows; but he went to journalism in India with the equipment of an education that was sound enough all round. He went, above all, with the spirit of pluck which is the note of the British schoolboy everywhere, and which ought to get a special cultivation and impetus on that Devon coast, with its memories of Drake, of Raleigh, of the Armada. Mr. Kipling at school was seldom at the top of his class, nor did he take an immoderate share of the prizes; nor—perhaps stranger still—did anyone discover extraordinary



AFTER THE BLIZZARD: A NEW YORK FERRY-BOAT PLOUGHING THROUGH THE ICE IN EAST RIVER.

Photograph by James Burton, New York.

Rudyard Kipling second on the Master's left.



RUDYARD KIPLING AS A SCHOOLBOY.

Photograph supplied by Mr. H. G. Sparring.

merit in his contributions to the College magazine. The dull schoolboy may always console himself by reflecting that dullness was the common attribute at school of the men who have made the most indelible marks in the world.

In former issues we have described and illustrated the laying of the foundation-stone of the great Nile dam at Assouan. This week we give an interesting photograph of the foundation-stone itself as it appeared before being swung into position, ready for its final adjustment, with rule, level, and mallet, by the Duke of Connaught. The inscription on the monolith is self-explanatory, and admirably epitomises all the essential details of an event that inaugurates an important epoch in Egyptian history. The raising of the level of the river for one hundred and forty miles means practically the averting of famine and a certain indifference to the fickle moods of Father Nile. "Lower Egypt," as Mr. Stevens remarks, "is to be enlarged; Upper Egypt is, in part at least, to secure permanent irrigation independent of the Nile flood, and therewith two crops a year. This means a more rigid economy of water than ever, and who will give a thought to the lean Soudan? What it can dip up in buckets, fat Egypt will never miss, and that it may take—no more." That is the prophecy which is not graven on the foundation-stone of the Assouan dam; but it is there nevertheless, and its fulfilment is sure.

With reference to a paragraph in our issue of Feb. 18, in which it was remarked that no one had sufficiently explained the unpopularity of the Queen's uniform in the service, "Lately Retired" sends us the following reasons—

1. Officers do not wish to make themselves conspicuous among civilians. We are not a military nation, and I hope never will be, in the sense European nations are, where, in

some countries, if a civilian insults or strikes an officer in uniform, the officer is not only justified in drawing his sword upon his assailant, but, in fact, would be tried by court-martial if he did not in some form summarily resent the affront. That there are, or lately were, people in this country who took any opportunity to insult an officer—or, more accurately speaking, *his uniform*—is an undoubted fact. I could tell more than one story in point but for considerations of space. You say, But there is the policeman. I ask, Where? The rough does not assault anyone, or *accidentally* tip a can of whitewash over an officer in full dress, if a constable is looking on. Supposing an officer succeeds in bringing his assailant before a police magistrate, what happens? As likely as not he is acquitted for want of corroborative evidence. If convicted, the penalty would be but a few shillings fine. 2. Expense. Even undress uniform, excepting such as officers can wear in the immediate precincts of their barracks or camp, is from three to five times as expensive, according to the branch of the service the wearer belongs to, as plain clothes. Officers are not, as some people suppose, supplied with uniforms by a grateful country! 3. Most people, after performing their duties in their official robes, be they judges, archbishops, ordinary clergy, officers of the Navy or of the Army, like some relaxation in as comfortable and unremarkable a dress as possible.

The regulation as to wearing uniform stated to be now issued by the officer commanding the Madras Army, and which your contributor says "must be staggering to his subordinates," was in existence when I landed at Madras in 1857 in the presidencies of Bengal and Bombay, also in Burma, in each of which I afterwards served. The order is periodically republished for the information of regiments arriving in any of those places from home, and applies to all officers, not only to "a commanding officer at a station." The light and inexpensive uniform worn in India (excepting, perhaps, at some hill stations) is not open to the objections there are to the uniform which would have to be worn at home. Besides, the conditions at home and abroad are in every way dissimilar.



THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW NILE DAM AT ASSOUAN

Photograph supplied by Sir Benjamin Baker.

THE RECENT BLIZZARD IN AMERICA: SCENES IN NEW YORK CITY AND HARBOUR.

From Photographs by James Burton, New York.



WHITEHALL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, AFTER THE FIRE, SHOWING HOW THE WATER FROM THE FIRE-ENGINES FROZE.



SCENE IN A NEW YORK STREET.



THE WHITE STAR LINER "GERMANIC," SUNK AT THE QUAY SIDE.



THE DECK OF THE "GERMANIC," LOOKING FORWARD.

ENGLISH HOMES: No XLVI. HOGHTON TOWER.

LORD LEIGHTON was a cosmopolitan. He had been an art student in three countries before he settled in London. He knew his Italy thoroughly.

France, Germany, and Belgium were all familiar lands. He was at home in Cyprus, and in Rhodes, in Jerusalem, in Cairo, and in Constantinople. Of all these places he had possessed himself of souvenirs—photographs that he had bought on the spot, thousands in number, filling a large portfolio. But in all his large collection England itself had hardly any representation. Our cathedrals, of course, were there to keep their French comrades company; but of private houses only one had been thought worthy by the collector to take its place with the palaces of Italy and the homesteads of Flanders. That one exception was Houghton Tower, a Tudor country-house in Lancashire, with the mark of the sixteenth century upon it, but an individuality all its own. Other lands might show specimens of other styles, reproduced or adapted in England; but Houghton Tower is not like anything else. It is English; one fancies it is Lancastrian even; and though so local in its genius it makes its appeal to all beholders.

Houghton Tower is not a show-place, and it does not lie especially in the track of the sight-seer. Not that the whole country round, including the Vale of Darwen, is not profoundly interesting, especially to the student of social laws. The train that starts from Preston for Blackburn, taking the little station of Houghton by the way, is not likely to have many of the dilettanti among its passengers. You would not be surprised if your opposite neighbour produced a visiting-card such as that which, on a similar occasion, was handed to Coningsby by Mr. G. O. A. Head; and if you called his attention to Houghton Tower, standing to the right at the top of a wooded hill, about a mile and a half away from the railway, he might make the remark that Sidonia addressed on another occasion to Lord Beaconsfield's hero, "The age of ruins is past." All the same, Houghton Tower is not a ruin. Its dilapidations are part of its history; and almost any restorations might have been resented, except those carried out with the care that has been exercised by its hereditary owners, doubly happy in possessing the place and in knowing how to preserve and appreciate what is theirs.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Houghton Tower had its proudest period. Then, as now, the de Houghtons had it for their seat. Adam de Hocton held property there in the reign of Henry II., and a later occupant got or took leave to enclose the park. So well timbered was it, there was "night all day" among the trees, and the "sport" of the property was of the best, the red

deer surviving long after the boars and the white bulls had become extinct. In 1565 Thomas Houghton resolved to build anew, and this time at the top of the hill. The design was quadrangular, and the circular flight of steps led to a hall fifty feet long by thirty wide. The Green Room and the Marble Room had each their own glories, but in particular was the "King's Room," like the King's daughter, "beautiful within." For James I. was the guest of Sir Richard Houghton in 1617, and his visit is a local, and almost a national, legend to this day. For there, if anywhere, did the joint of England receive

may read of the revels, the jousts, the masques, the dances, and the stag-hunts that marked the royal visit, which, strange as one may think it, is still the chief fame of Houghton. Nor was that fame a merely provincial one; for it had as one of its consequences the issue, by royal authority, of "The Book of Sports." The people round about Houghton had petitioned the King that after church time on Sundays they might be allowed to take their diversions as of old. The King, who has been accused of nearly everything except Puritanism, highly approved the proposal, encouraged sports after the evensong, and even ordered

the reading of the license in the churches. Refractory ministers were supposed to be threatened with the High Commission Court; though Archbishop Abbot, it seems, suffered nothing at Croydon for being chief among the rebels.

Not only the large reception-room bears the King's name, but there is "the King's Staircase" and "the King's Bed-room," wainscotted and panelled chambers. The "Guinea Room" gets its name from the design of small gold discs on the panels. It is thought that this room was once the treasury, and that by a whim the owner painted on the walls as many guineas as he got in the year from his property. There are few corridors at Houghton, the rooms leading one into the other on a compact and clean-cut plan. Nor are there many surprises in the decoration, the Tudor manner having its own severities. The plain initials "T.H.," those of the founder of the house, are carved on a stone panel set above the arch of the outer gateway. On two other panels over gateways are sculptured the family arms—Houghton (sable three bars argent), quartered with Assheton (argent on mullet sable), helm, and crest (a bull passant). The draw-well, cut down through forty yards of rock, is a feature, of course, with its old windlass. Fortunately, fires have not often had to be extinguished



IN THE QUADRANGLE, HOGHTON TOWER.

its knighthood, though not perhaps its name—for the Sirloin was probably the King's play upon surloin; but that his Majesty, in his appreciation of Lancashire beef, did thrice strike the joint with his sword and bid it rise to the mouths of the beholders a knight, is attested by, at any rate, the ballads of the place, and of a not very laggard time. All the county gathered round the King, the local squires wearing the Houghton livery, not without some lurking slight misgiving, it would seem from an entry in the diary of Nicholas Assheton: "My brother Sherborne's tailor brought him a suit of apparel, and us two others, and Sir Richard Houghton a livery, that we should attend him at the King's coming, rather for his grace and reputation, showing his neighbours love, than for the exacting of any mean service." In that entertaining diary you

at Houghton, or the "properties" must have fared ill. The pictures, which were mainly old family portraits, were removed before the work of restoration began, so as to be out of the way of such a danger; but, as irony arranged, in safer London, with water supplies at hand, they were burned in the place of safety to which they had been sent.

The Houghton family paid dearly for their fame as entertainers of the King. They spent the income of that year and of many years upon their guest; and that perhaps is the reason why the house itself is a treasury of memories rather than of rare and precious things. The host of the King had, six years earlier, paid his fee and taken his baronetage, on the institution of the order, and he ranks as second in the sequence of creations.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XLVI.

The Windows and the Walls.



THE ARMS OF THE DE HOUGHTON FAMILY.

HOUGHTON TOWER, THE SEAT OF SIR JAMES DE HOUGHTON, BART.

When the Civil War broke out, the Hoghtons were all for the King. Sir Gilbert went to Preston with as many men as he could command, leaving only enough barely to garrison his home. The Parliamentarians had their eye on the Tower that stood sentinel over the very heart of



ENGLISH HOMES: No. XLVI.—HOUGHTON TOWER.

who had a son to sit in the seat of his fathers in Parliament for the county of Lancashire. Then, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, came Sir Henry, who sat for Preston, and was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Henry, who sat for Preston for thirty years, and whose brother, Major-General Hoghton, fell in 1811 in the battle of Albuera. The next Sir Henry also sat for Preston, as did his son, another Henry, the eighth Baronet, who brought some much-needed wealth into the family by his marriage with Dorothea Bold, and who bore by license the surname of Bold

in addition to, and before, that of Hoghton. Sir Henry, the ninth Baronet, took the ancient surname of de Hoghton in lieu of that of Hoghton.

The view from Hoghton Tower is a broad one, embracing the valley and estuary of the Ribble, with hills far and wide, the hills of the Lake country to the north-west, the Yorkshire Fells to the north-east, and the Welsh mountains to the south-west. Near at hand is Pleasington, long the residence of the Ainsworth family, and more recently associated with the Fieldens (possessing a Murillo and a Carlo Dolce) and the Butler-Bowdens. The Townleys and the de Traffords were once great magnates not far away, the Traffords with a pedigree dating from the days of Canute and a property that in our own time has passed to the speculators. The Eccles cake is now everywhere; but here at least it is to be eaten, as they say everything of the sort should be, in its native air. It may take its place by the sirloin to confer national and international fame on the locality of which Hoghton Tower, with its long line of roof, with its severe yet comely chimneys, with its fascinating courtyard—the architecturally appointed place for a statue—with its great window, and with its inviting semicircular flights of steps, is itself the most characteristic ornament and the most particular glory.

Whatever may be said of its painting, its sculpture, or its music, at any rate in its architecture England stands well among the nations. London itself, with its Abbey, and with

St. Paul's, throws out a challenge to Goth and to Roman, mediæval and modern, which any other capital might hesitate to accept. One need not go into the battle of the schools; for in England every school is represented among the churches and the castles, the public halls and the cottages, the bridges and the barns, that are scattered over the three kingdoms. It may be that England has originated little, and that her climate and her atmosphere have waged a war against her architects, especially against her classic architects, who depend on a marble surface for their effects, and have in England corroding stone instead,

Lancashire; and they soon forced her Ladyship and her men-at-arms to capitulate. It was a victory that was worse than a defeat. An explosion of gunpowder took place—one party said a treacherous, and the other party an accidental, explosion—and it blew up the Tower at one corner of the house, and with the Tower two hundred of the soldiers who had captured it.

That first Baronet of a long line sat in Parliament for county Lancaster. So did his grandson, Sir Richard, who married a daughter of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, and



with a covering of soot. Our abbeys we owe to anonymous architects, some of them Normans; but we have given a national name to some of our own modifications of Gothic, and in domestic architecture, owe what we may to the Fleming, we have, or had a few centuries ago, a style of our own, with all the national virtues and graces presented on its surfaces and in its lines. Whither we are tending to-day is a question not easily answered. The prevailing note in every art is that of imitation; originality is sadly to seek. But it is at least comforting that, despite the sterility of the time, there exists an inclination to appreciate and to revert to the really excellent and purely characteristic in our native architecture.



A MARCH MORNING: THE BLACKCOCKS' TOURNAMENT-GROUND.

"During the spring and also in the autumn, about the time the first hoar-frosts are felt, blackcocks collect in the early morning on some rocks or height, and strut and crow with their curious note, not unlike a wood-pigeon. On these occasions they often have the most desperate battles. Usually there seems to be a master bird in these assemblages, who takes up his position on the most elevated spot, crowing and strutting round and round with spread-out tail like a turkey-cock, his wings trailing on the ground; the hens remain quietly near him."—ST. JOHN'S "WILD SPORTS OF THE HIGHLANDS."

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Memorials. Part II.—Personal and Political, 1845–1895. By Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne. Two vols. (Macmillan.)
Lord Clive. By Sir A. J. Arbuthnot. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
The Teaching of Tennyson. By John Oates. New and Revised Edition. (James Bowden.)
Poison Romance and Poison Mysteries. By C. J. S. Thomson. (The Scientific Press.)
Leonardo da Vinci. By E. Müntz. (Heinemann.)
The Garland of New Poetry. By Various Authors. (Elkin Mathews.)
Wisdom and Destiny. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (Allen.)
The Right to Bear Arms. By "X." of the *Saturday Review*. (Elliot Stock.)

The growth of Lord Selborne's mind, the circumstances of family training, religious and professional experience, which account for his temperament and his position, may be found in the first part of these "Memorials," published a few years ago. The two large volumes just issued are mainly a record of his later political life, but even so are particularly personal, seeing that every vote he gave was given after a careful examination of his conscience. A critical but very courteous article on his career and character that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1866, where he was treated as a remarkable personage, but distinctly second-rate, appears to have hurt him, though he was too amiable to resent it. His intellect, within limits, was subtle; his capacity for legal and Parliamentary business extraordinary; he was a power in the State. It is not easy to determine at first why he was not a greater man—why these volumes which minutely illustrate his opinions and elucidate his conduct are so unstimulating. His wholly unadventurous mind, perhaps, accounts for it. There is a passage in which he goes near to say that he deliberately sacrificed intellectual liberty on the altar of morality. "The experience which had established in me the supremacy of conscience, at some cost to what was elastic and imaginative in my original nature"—these are his words. But he was probably mistaken. Conscience, otherwise the simple-minded consistent obedience to his adopted codes, must inevitably have been supreme. And what gives the sole interest to these two bulky volumes is the proof we find of this on every page. He seems to have walked, from moment to moment, guided by conscience. His votes, his social intercourse, his individual tastes, his political designs, were all controlled by obedience to his chosen lights, to an extent which strikes one as being almost unique in the career of a public man. It made him an egotist, but an egotist without assertiveness. "These 'Memorials,'" says his daughter, Lady Sophia Palmer, who edits them—that is, adds a note here and there—"are a Trust." She evidently means they were in no way to be curtailed. The result is that they make something which in no wise resembles a book. It is a mass of undigested material—speeches, *précis* of speeches and of pamphlets, lengthy explanations of why such speeches were made and others were not, apologies for his position, lengthy and rather dull letters, judgments of other men which most of all reflect himself, and unimportant family details: a stiff, sombre mass to toil through, but with a light above it all, that emanating from a clear and upright character, who imposed his convictions and a sense of his worth, even his formidable worth, on men of greater intellect and far deeper insight than himself.

Whether there remained any new matter or not to be incorporated in another biography of Clive, the "Builders of Greater Britain" series would be incomplete without a Life of the man who did more than any other for the fast foundation of our Empire in India, and who advised the transfer of the government of India to the Crown nearly a century before it was effected. The matter of Colonel Malletson's and Sir C. Wilson's biographies hardly needs supplementing, but the writer of this latest memoir does not depend merely on the few new facts he supplies for his justification. Clive has had his ingenious apologists and his pedantic detractors. Sir Alexander Arbuthnot takes the standpoint of commonsense. He hides nothing that is doubtful in his hero's transactions; but he does not judge him by the public opinion of our days, and he takes account of his difficulties. Certainly the shady affair of the fictitious treaty with Omichand has never been so sanely treated before. As regards accuracy and completeness, the book could hardly be bettered. And the view taken of Clive's services is one to which an unusually wide knowledge of Indian affairs has contributed. Our only criticism is that for a popular series Sir Alexander's style and plan are not very suitable. The book is dry and gritty reading. The picturesqueness which surrounds the early British rule in India is entirely torn away. Yet it is an important element of the story.

"The Teaching of Tennyson" is a strange book. If there be a need of it, the fact is very deplorable; but assuredly those who have any need of it had much better not read it. The intentions of Mr. Oates are of the highest, of course; but a man who writes of poetry without the faintest glimmering of what is its essence or its aim, must write things that are not only very foolish, but harmful. Tennyson is so clear a poet that those who cannot go to him at first hand and understand him are entirely shut out from poetry. But Mr. Oates supposes that difficulty may be found with "The May Queen" and "The Lord of Burleigh" by persons capable of comprehending an ordinary, ill-written sermon. His usual method of elucidation, at his best, is to turn the limp, exquisite poetry into clumsy prose. Whatever is dull and obvious and Philistine and sentimental in Tennyson he gloats over. The robust, the passionate side of him, as well as all his art, he misunderstands. Perhaps, however, his most serious sin can only be named in schoolboy language. It is worse than a mere literary sin, though the instinct of good literature would quench a propensity to "jaw." For the popular credit and welfare it would be well if this high-intentioned but not at all serious book were unsuccessful.

From the nepenthe of the ancients to the cocaine and chloral of our own days, all kinds of noxious drugs are

treated of in "Poison Romance." The story portions will attract most attention; and the poisoned gloves and rings of old romance, the crimes of St. Croix and the Marquise de Brinvilliers, down to that of Dr. Pritchard and the case of Madeline Smith, supply satisfaction to that sensational instinct which is absent in hardly one of us. The scientific information concerning aconite, antimony, arsenic, and the other principal poisons is good, so far as it goes; but the whole book is made on the "snippets" system. Perhaps, however, it would be morbid to desire more. An amusing chapter is affixed concerning the use and misuse of poison in novels, where chemistry is constantly defied in the interest of romance.

M. Eugène Müntz, who has written a new "Life of Leonardo da Vinci," is no common biographer content to accept the theories and investigations of his forerunners. He is a critic, scholarly, philosophical, and imaginative, who, with a fine sympathy for the subject of his memoir, has set out on a great undertaking. His method is that of Taine and Macaulay. Apart from the sheer medley of fact and tabulation that so frequently forms the mainstay of the biographer, M. Müntz has reconstructed for us the atmosphere, the social and moral aspects, of the period wherein Leonardo dwelt and laboured. He has bade us accompany him to the Courts and cities whose patronage the Renaissance masters enjoyed, has portrayed the princes and princesses, the Papal grandees and municipal bigwigs, whose favour had to be won by the painter or sculptor before the road to progress lay open. M. Müntz is enthusiastic over the great figure whose traffickings he depicts, and in truth, "Leonardo da Vinci, Artist, Thinker, and Man of Science," is a personage of sufficiently heroic proportions to dwarf all but the Titans—a figure to place beside Goethe or Velasquez, or our own Shakespeare. The painter of "The Last Supper," "The Virgin of the Rocks," and "Mona Lisa"; the sculptor of the monumental equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, the author of the famous "Treatise on Painting"; the philosopher whose maxims and speculations have even inspired so modern a writer as d'Annunzio; the inventor of the camera obscura, botanist, geologist, and engineer, Leonardo da Vinci rises before us, as Michelet has well said, the "Italian brother of Faust." Of the few masterpieces that da Vinci completed the majority are lost. In our National Gallery there is but the Suffolk "Virgin of the Rocks," in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House the even more beautiful cartoon of St. Anne. Of Leonardo's person we are told that "the splendour of his aspect, which was beautiful beyond measure, rejoiced the most sorrowful souls." Such at least is a bald translation of Vasari's epic rendering of his idol's majesty.

"The Garland" is, we believe, to be a yearly event, but the present volume does not impel us to look forward with eagerness to the next. As a sample of the poetry of the year, it might be bettered. The happy family that comprises Mr. Victor Plarr, "Anodos," Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. Ghose, Mr. Reginald Balfour, and E. L., would have been in better case had they exercised—on each other, of course—the baser art of criticism. We wonder if all the others have guessed the riddles of "Anodos." What is the meaning of "Wilderspin"? The "little red house by the river" sounds a most terrifying dwelling-place, but why? There is a chamber in it set with jewels fair, and a weaver sits weaving a twisted spell, and the sounds heard are ambiguous, evidently—

Was it the cat purring?
 Did someone knock at the sill?

A "cup of sheeny cider" waits a traveller who, for unexplained reasons, is "bound to come." But he does not seem to have been thirsty, for this is the tale of his coming—

To the little red house by the river
 I came when the short night fell,
 I broke the web for ever,
 I broke my heart as well.
 Michael and the saints deliver
 My soul from the nethermost hell!

This is a very pretty mystery. And so is "Unwelcome," which introduces us to strange and evidently dangerous persons—

Low let me lie where the dead dog lies
 Ere I sit me down again at a feast
 When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,
 And a man with his back to the East!

The rest of the family should have forcibly prevented another of the poets from opening a sonnet with—

Augustest! dearest! whom no thought can trace.

This, too—"Anodos" is again the perpetrator—is not happy—

The whistle of the train that, like a dart,
 Pierces the darkness as it hurries by,
 Hath not enough of sadness; and my heart
 Is stifled for a cry.

It is being a little too fretful to reproach a locomotive for not uttering one's own finer emotions. There are a few pretty verses in the little volume, but we have quoted the most distinguished, and their distinction is not fortunate. All the writers are seen at their worst. Mr. Binyon finds no inspiration so good as London; and he does not sing of London here. Mr. Plarr is energetic, but uncouth. His best verse is notable for its meritorious hint at fitting punishments for the great offenders of the world—

For him who burns a Raphael are there chains?
 Do gyves gall those who spoil what wise men love?
 Shall he make proof of sharp religious pains
 Who fells a London grove?

No recent essays in mysticism equal those of M. Maeterlinck. Yesterday he was but a name, a butt for ridicule. To-day he is known to the merest playgoer as the author of "Pelleas and Melisande," which achieved the extraordinary result (for after all it is an exotic) of being a commercial success in this country. Rival publishers issue his stage-plays in book form, and his devoted disciple, Mr. Sutro, has now given us a version of his

"Wisdom and Destiny." This is not a codified scheme of philosophy. It is but a series of gentle jottings of one who seems strangely a dreamer in a matter-of-fact world; persuasive and penetrating and altogether charming. There is not a page that does not contain some out-of-the-way thought; there is solace and inspiration in every chapter, and to which one may return again and again in sheer delight.

"X" preaches a simple creed—that no man may bear arms legally without having them passed by the College of Heraldry. This seems so obvious a contention that it is surprising to think that until Mr. Frank Harris took "X" under his wing no "editor had the courage to publish" the articles now republished in book form. In the 183 pages at his disposal, "X"—who is Mr. Fox-Davies, the compiler of that great book, "Armorial Families"—states his case clearly, succinctly, and with humour.

A LITERARY LETTER.

LONDON, MARCH 9, 1899.

Apart from the feeling of gratification excited in the minds of all who have received pleasure from Mr. Rudyard Kipling's writings by his recovery from a dangerous illness, a certain satisfaction must necessarily reign at the triumph of literature which the interest in Mr. Kipling has implied. It is said that there has been no excitement and anxiety akin to it since the death of Charles Dickens. The feeling, however, has been of a different order. Dickens touched the heart by his stories. Mr. Kipling merely made a reputation by his. Even the best of them, the marvellous studies in "Soldiers Three" and "Plain Tales from the Hills," must have been without much meaning to hundreds of men and women who had shed tears over Dickens. The intense popularity of Mr. Kipling, his hold on a wider public, is, no doubt, due to his poems and ballads. He is one of those who answer to the famous adage about writers of the songs of a nation being more influential than those who make its laws.

Meanwhile, I congratulate the *Windsor Magazine* on the opportuneness of its "Stalky" stories. Mr. Kipling has done better work, but the public, we may be sure, will read anything by him with avidity at this moment. A Stalky story in the March *Windsor*—the fourth—makes capital reading. It has that touch of revelation which Mr. Kipling never lacks: it reveals the essential manliness of boys whose age is between fourteen and seventeen—an age when fond mammas still think of their sons as children. "We ain't going to have any beastly Erickin," says one of the Kipling-esque youths, throwing a side-light on Dean Farrar's ideal boy as he is understood to-day; and there are many similar passages.

I do not wonder that publishers frequently complain of the demands made upon them for review-copies of books. We know that editors of certain English provincial papers, without much regard to their relative circulation, are very indefatigable in applying for free copies of this or that work. This has something to be said for it, and at least two or three publishers, whose books are all of the cheaper kind, invariably send review-copies to the most obscure paper. They argue that a book that costs them one or two shillings is certain to get that amount of advertisement, even in the *Levenshew Gazette* or the *Drumdrudge Journal*. It is another matter, however, when these applications come from abroad, where, of necessity—whatever our aspirations for a universal brotherhood—the number of readers of English books must be decidedly limited. The editors of Italian newspapers are the worst offenders, and it was to a journal in Turin that one of our well-known publishers was indebted for a letter which is an interesting sample of "English as she is wrote" in a former capital of Italy. It will be observed that the modest editor asks for two copies—

Sir,—You will make a thing gracious to us and at the time useful to diffusion of knowledge, if you will send to us as a gift your recent publication signed in the address.

That might be useful, in the limits of our power to the diffusion of the book.

We will send to you the fascicles, in which the book will be announced and examined, and if the exchange of gifts will be pursued, our Review might be sent to you regularly.

It will be easier to provide a practical and complete analysis or critical note, if the books were sent in double copy.

Please accept our sincere thanks and respectful compliments.

Mr. George E. Lock, the head of the firm of Ward and Lock, writes to me as follows, in reference to my remarks on the great popularity of Mr. Sheldon's "In His Steps"—

In your Literary Letter of March 4, I notice you refer to our edition of "In His Steps" as being 2s. 6d. Kindly let me draw your attention to the fact that we publish this, together with all C. M. Sheldon's works, at five prices, as per enclosed list. I send a copy of the 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. editions herewith. The edition you refer to as being sent to the reviewers was our Lily Series edition, 1s. 6d. In view of the great interest the public are taking in this author's works, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to ask you to mention these cheaper editions.

Mr. Lock also sends me three other of Mr. Sheldon's books, "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Richard Bruce," and "His Brother's Keeper." I imagine that the sale of these will be largely based on the popularity of "In His Steps." "His Brother's Keeper" will, however, have attractions for many as an account of the work of the Salvation Army in the United States, the actual songs sung by the Army being comprehended in the story.

Mr. Burleigh, of 370, Oxford Street, is to publish a volume of essays on the great English letter-writers, by Mr. J. C. Bailey, under the title, "Studies of Some Famous Letters." The letters in question are by Cowper, Gray, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Swift, Johnson, Gibbon, Lamb, and Edward FitzGerald. Some of Mr. Bailey's essays have appeared in the *Quarterly Review*.
 C. K. S.



OPENING OF THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY ON MARCH 9: SCENES ON THE ROUTE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In a little while Don—and not "Don," as so many journalists have written—Lorenzo Perosi will be among us. The young musician's fame has gone before him; and even if I were competent seriously to review his already accomplished work—which competence is not mine—such criticism would be out of place in this column. One thing is, however, certain: whatever his shortcomings at present, there is a magnificent promise for the future, should his life be spared. As it is, Don Perosi's sudden leap into fame has already caused an intense interest in the revival of sacred music. I do not mean an interest in the execution of sacred music, which in Rome has practically never ceased, but in the composition of it, which, in spite of the powerful protection of the Holy Fathers, has for many years been barren of great, of epoch-making, results.

It need scarcely be pointed out that music of the grandiose order is too important a feature of the religious ceremonial of the Church for the Sovereign Pontiffs to have

To Giovanni Perluigi, otherwise Palestrina, belongs the honour of having freed sacred music from the more profane excrecences, and every Pope, from Julius III. to Gregory XIII.—i.e., for a period extending, roughly speaking, to thirty-five years (1550-85), held his loving hand over him, and protected his studies. Julius III. had guessed at the outset what he was capable of doing. Gregory XIII. entrusted him with the revision of the whole of the Roman Chant. All Palestrina's masterpieces were adopted by the Church, so were those of Pergolesi. The Holy See kept to itself the right of performing the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, which is only sung during Holy Week. It is absolutely forbidden to take a copy of it; at any rate, it used to be; as late as ten years ago one of my friends was refused permission to that effect. There is, nevertheless, a transcription of it, and, I believe, in circulation; but it is due to Mozart, who performed the astounding feat of noting it down from memory, after having heard it once when he was about fourteen years old—namely, in 1770—and it is not surprising that Clement XIV. ennobled and decorated him for it. Nor must it be supposed that the composition of sacred

is young—only twenty-seven—and looks, to judge by a very admirable photograph I saw, even younger than he is. The Archbishop of Milan has already warned him not to be carried away by the perhaps too indiscriminate applause of his countrymen. "You must not be too proud of your success," said the prelate, "but attribute it to God." And Don Perosi, in virtue of his calling, will no doubt profit by the advice. Englishmen should also remember, when the young priest comes among them, that "Zu viel ist ungesund," as the Germans say.

A JAVANESE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

The Javanese, like all Eastern races, are very fond of theatricals. The dresses of the performers are often gorgeous and picturesque, and make up for the many deficiencies in stage scenery. The writer witnessed a play in a small country place, and there the prima donna was an exceedingly pretty girl (for Java, that is to say), and her fancy attire well set off her graceful figure and quaint posturing, in which an outward flexible movement of the



Baron Cederström.

Baroness Cederström.

Mlle. Bauermeister.

BARONESS CEDERSTRÖM'S (MADAME PATTI'S) HONEYMOON: DINNER AT THE GRAND HÔTEL DU QUIRINAL, ROME.

Madame Patti is spending her honeymoon at the fashionable Hôtel du Quirinal in Rome, where she occupies an elegant apartment on the first floor, the same which King Alexander of Serbia occupied when staying at the Quirinal two years ago. At luncheon and dinner the party is composed of Madame Patti, Baron Cederström, and Miss Bauermeister, the Dame de Compagnie.

done otherwise than encourage its studies, even if their individual taste had not been in accordance with it. But at nearly every epoch of its history the Papacy has counted among its members one or two notable amateurs and connoisseurs, not to say great musicians. Saint Benedict II. (684-85), Sylvester II. (999-1003), Saint Leo IX. (1049-54), Victor III. (1087), for he only reigned four months and twenty-six days; Boniface IX. (1389-1404), and Leo X. (1513-21) were only a few among the many Popes who were passionately fond, and had a profound knowledge, of the music of their time, while Saint Sergius I. (687-701) appears to have been himself a teacher of music.

To Saint Gregory the Great (590-604) we owe the Gregorian Chant which Saint Leo II. (682-83), notwithstanding his short tenancy of the Papal See, found time to regulate and improve, besides writing several hymns. John XIX. (1024-33) sent for Gui d'Arezzo to Rome, for the Holy Father immediately understood the importance and utility of d'Arezzo's method, and exerted all his influence in favour of its propagation. But in spite of everything, there came a time when sacred music fell into a decline for lack of an original genius to introduce the necessary reforms, for gradually there had slipped into sacred composition features not altogether in harmony with the spirit of the Church. Sacred music had become too worldly.

music of the highest order was wholly abandoned in latter years in Rome. There are three basilicas in the Eternal City—namely, St. Peter, St. John of Lateran, and St. Mary the Greater, each possessing magnificent choirs and orchestras, from the foremost members of which both the vocal and instrumental performers of the Sistine Chapel are recruited. The rest of the parochial fanes only put their best foot forward on grand occasions; the three first-named provide musical banquets on Sundays and feast-days. Of these three St. John of Lateran is unquestionably the best in every respect. I am not quoting my personal opinion, but that of eminent musical authorities, who also averred as late as a decade ago that Signor Capocci would bear comparison even with Palestrina, Orlando Lasso, and Marcello. There were at that time some minor stars, such as Signor Battaglia, the conductor of St. Mary the Greater, and Commendatore Moriconi, his lieutenant, both of whose chief drawbacks—I am still writing what I heard—were the theatrical and somewhat dramatic nature of their compositions, which failed to command the unqualified approval of those who think that sacred music should stand rigorously apart from operatic.

From all this, it would appear that Don Perosi is not absolutely the first to whom this glorious revival is due. Fortunate circumstances, arising perhaps from his priestly surroundings, have directed particular attention to him. He

elbow played a principal part. A dusky gentleman behind a curtain repeated in a hoarse, monotonous tone the words of all the different parts; and the actors said nothing, but grimaced and capered about to give expression to the various sentiments of the piece. The music was weird, but not displeasing. At the close, the prima donna in person condescended to come round with the hat, in the shape of a well polished cocoa-nut shell, and the enthusiastic audience disbursed an abundance of small coins, due as much probably to the *beaux yeux* of the lovely girl as to her histrionic efforts.

Lovers of pleasure-sailing will note with interest that the steam-yacht *Victoria* (commander, R. D. Lunham, F.R.G.S.) will start on April 15 from Tilbury Dock on a forty-one days' pleasure cruise to the Mediterranean, visiting Lisbon, Malaga, Leghorn, Naples, Algiers, and many other places of interest. The *Victoria* is decorated and fitted with all the latest improvements, in the most luxurious and elegant manner. Every possible attention has been paid to the very smallest details which contribute so much in themselves to the comfort and convenience of passengers. She is an exceptionally good sea-boat, is steered by steam, fitted with water-ballast, and carries a steam-launch for the use of passengers while in harbour. The ladies' apartments are situated amidships, and are almost free of motion. A dark room is fitted up for amateur photographers.



A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE IN JAVA.



THE OLD LENTEN CUSTOM OF "SUPPING IN PUBLIC" AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL: SALETING THE LORD MAYOR.

On certain Thursday evenings in Lent, the "Blue-Coat" Boys, according to ancient custom, sup in presence of the Lord Mayor, one or both of the Sheriffs, and visitors invited by the Governors. A and butter and milk has been despatched, the scholars sing an anthem, and then, conducted by the senior boy, bearing flower-bedecked canisters, troop up in pairs to bow to the Chief Magistrate.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

There is little to say of the Drawing-Rooms this season in regard to novelties, though the before-Easter Courts usually indicate much of the coming evening-dress fashions; but this year the mourning, which is not mere ceremonial Court mourning, but so closely touches the royal family as for the deaths of the Queen's



A CHARMING GOWN OF GREY CLOTH.

grandson and the Princess of Wales's mother, had to be strictly followed, and diminished the importance of the occasions as prophesy of coming events in the world of dress. The Queen's kindness in specially ordering that debutantes and brides should be at liberty to wear unrelieved white was much appreciated. It is consistent with the opinions of some of the leading members of the royal family, as is shown in the fact that the children of the Duke of York are not put into black for their grandmother.

Many of the black Court dresses were quite triumphs, relieved as they were by many diamonds, and the possibility of employing all shades of violet as mourning had been liberally taken advantage of; in fact, the variety of shades of that colour shown was an education in tones. The red violet of petunia was much fancied; but the very palest peach-flower, that colour above all becoming to the complexion of middle-age, was also much in evidence. Many ladies, too, wore their black in the attractive form of lace laid over or merely profusely trimming white satin. One of these was the Lady Mayoress, whose white satin dress was trimmed with deep points of black and white chenille embroidery and black point d'Alençon, mingled with white chiffon and white plumes; the train of black velvet was lined with black and white striped satin. Another handsome and original black over white petticoat was formed of a series of flounces of white chiffon to the waist covered with flounces of the same width in priceless old black Chantilly; the bodice was draped with similar lace forming a deep berthe that touched a swathed belt of white satin; the train was black lined with violet satin, and a trail of violets and white cluster roses brightened both the side of the skirt, the left shoulder, and the end of the train. Embroideries in colours also were allowed to relieve some mourning dresses, such as a black satin with a spray of poppies in natural colours worked round the foot in silk embroidery, the black satin train trimmed with a ruche of white chiffon and a band of fine white Brussels lace.

As to the fashion of making, the persistence of the balloon front may be considered assual. More than one-half of the bodices were made with that slight fullness just, but only just, overhanging at the waist-line. The Duchess of York chose a tight-fitting bodice with small balloon sleeves of jet-spangled net; the front of the bodice

was diagonally embroidered in jet, and a handsome pointed design in similar work appeared on the otherwise untrimmed skirt; and H.R.H. has kindly wished it to be made known that these embroideries were executed for her by the Poor Irish Ladies' Association. But such a quite close-fitting bodice was the exception; the looser semi-blooused shape offers opportunities for the display of lace and the graceful disposition of chiffons and the legion of embroideries on airy fabrics so much in fashion, and so it was generally adopted. Miles of lace went through the Palace apartments on bodices, skirts, and trains.

Cut cloth is decidedly the favourite novelty of the spring tailor-dress. It is not absolutely new in essence, for we have had cloth stamped out in a multitude of tiny holes often enough before. But it is new as now being prepared, for it is no longer a matter of circles or other primitive forms, but elaborate patterns in floral and other designs are stamped out of the cloth, which is then appliqué over a strongly contrasting coloured silk, and often the effect is enhanced by embroideries in chenille or braid embossed on the cloth so as to complete the design. Thus you will have a fawn cloth, from which is cut out a curved leaf-like design that will happily adapt itself to the shaping of a little coat—for aught I know, the coat may be cut first and the stamping done afterwards; anyhow, there it is, a pattern pierced out in elaborate design, slender to the waist, and widening to the top of the coat, just as it should do. This is laid on white silk, and at appropriate points in the design there are good-sized chenille flowers worked on in a fawn silken chenille thread slightly darker than the cloth. The lining within, and showing through the interstices of the cut-out cloth, is not the lining of the garment, which is another thing altogether.

This new version of stamped cloth is used for gowns also; a very smart afternoon model in violet cloth has the front of the skirt stamped out in a pattern rising from the hem at either side to about the knees in the centre, appliqué over pale yellow satin, and the design slightly aided with sparing embroideries of round gold braid. The bodice is a bolero, the back being quite plain and cut with a point that just passes the waist-line, and an excellent fit to the figure being secured; while the front falls slightly open down the centre to show a white lace-draped vest, and the sides (just where darts would come) are slashed open to admit the insertion of an appliqué similar to that on the skirt. The top of the bodice is cut down a few inches to allow the insertion of a guimpe or deep collar of the open-work cloth laid on yellow to harmonise with the rest of the trimming. Cheap imitations of this pretty cut-out cloth will doubtless be amidst us before long; in the meantime it is new and fairly costly, and much to be recommended. Another novelty—one of those little things that so plainly indicate the new gown, trifling though they be—is the collar of the dress being made with a point under each ear (a trifle behind, to be exact) and cut sharply down thence, to both front and back.

One of the Illustrations shows the loose-fronted jacket that is having some popularity just now. The cloth dress is braided with black, outlining a strapping of white, on which, in its turn, a narrow braid is placed. The hat is white felt, trimmed with black velvet and feathers. The other is a sweetly simple gown that anybody might like to wear; it is in grey cloth, with a white pleated front, and the coat is cut short at the back and over the hips, and longer in tabs in front. Fancy embroidery in strips is sparingly used as trimming. The toque is of flowers and chiffon.

NOTES.

I am always rather grieved when I see women expounding the failings of their sex—the other seems so all-sufficient for the purpose! I learn from the *Lady's Pictorial* that Lady Henry Somerset assured a Mansion House gathering that "alcoholism among women is increasing to an alarming extent." The journal continues: "Lady Henry Somerset has ample means, of course, of observing all classes of women; and it is to be feared that the very strong charge she brings against the sex is not to be laid against one section of the community alone. . . . But being forewarned, women can forearm themselves, and if they are so eager to obtain equal rights with men they will only be 'progressing backwards' by yielding up what is, after all, their greatest power—that of womanliness." An undeniable moral, but hardly germane to the case; for drunken habits are, very happily, neither "manly" nor "womanly" at the present day.

But first of all, one would wish to know on what ground Lady Henry Somerset makes this "very strong charge against her sex." Most fortunately, women are not the drinking sex, though, alas! there is too much of this vice among them. But there are very nearly 80,000 convictions of men as against less than 31,000 convictions of women returned last year for public offences depending on excessive drinking; and statistics of lunacy through drink and deaths directly from drunkenness show about a similar proportion of male and female excessive drinkers. Of course, the figures for the women are deplorable enough still, but it is not correct or proper to talk without book as to the depravity of our sex "alarmingly increasing." There seems to be so much ground for the statement as this: the Registrar-General reports a considerable increase in the last ten years in the number of deaths returned by doctors as due to this melancholy cause. But any doctor will own that such statistics are not precisely trustworthy, since a death is rarely directly due to drink, and the doctor can, without too much violence to his conscience, give a return of some secondary cause—liver or brain or other disease, so the value of statistics of this order depends on the sternness with which doctors and the public regard drunkenness and the consequent willingness

to give it in as the cause of death. May not the wave of sentiment about drunkards—poor victims of heredity, over-pressure, and so forth—have made doctors less chary than they once were of giving this as the cause of death?

There is a great deal said on the question of whether drinking habits are really increasing at all amongst our sex, in the report of the Licensing Commission, and yet no clear conclusion can be arrived at. For instance, the experienced Senior Metropolitan Police Magistrate, Sir John Bridge, believes that women drink less now than they did in the past, and the same conclusion is borne out by the police statistics, which show that in the last twenty years the women arrested for this offence have decreased from eighteen to thirteen of the population; while, on the other hand, there is the Registrar-General with his figures, showing that the female deaths certified as from delirium tremens have increased in the same twenty years from twenty-four per million of the population to fifty-two—the male deaths from the same cause in the same period having increased from sixty per million to ninety-one. At any rate, there seems no evidence to justify the "strong charge" that women are "alarmingly" increasingly becoming drunkards.

Women certainly are "having their innings," as Mother Shipton (whose remarkable predictions the antiquaries will declare to be a modern fraud) promised they should have in the twentieth century. The Earl's Court Exhibition people are convinced that they cannot exhaust the interest in us, for after giving over the better part of their Victorian Era Exhibition two years ago to a woman's department, they are now arranging to have their show to greet the new century next year exclusively devoted to us. These exhibitions are, of course, commercial speculations, and not to be taken too seriously. Still, the promise of the preliminary announcements is excellent. The inevitable "Gallery of Historical Costume," from the earliest authentic records to the present day, is to be there. I wonder if it will begin with an Egyptian ruling Queen in her manly costume of a leopard's skin entire and with the tail left on to dangle, and wearing a false beard and wondrous symbolical helm? This is really the earliest costume on historic record, and could be given from photographs of the original Queens' bas-relief portraits unveiled in recent years by the work of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Then if we got some sort of copies of the Greek and Roman portrait statues, and rubbings of Mediæval brasses, and so on right down to the present day, it would be truly interesting; but of single waxwork figures, each professing to represent the styles of whole centuries or reigns, we have had enough



A FASHIONABLE CLOTH COSTUME.

before in South Kensington's similar enterprises. The Earl's Court direction also promises portraits of female celebrities of all ages, and personal relics and mementoes. A gallery of modern paintings, displays of present-day industrial work, women practically performing almost extinct industries, such as hand-spinning and lace-making, and a department illustrating women's sports and pastimes, are among the other proposed attractions. FILOMENA.

Pomp.

'Give me Health and a Day, and

I will make the Pomp of Emperors Ridiculous.'—EMERSON.

"As an illustration of the BENEFICIAL EFFECTS of Eno's 'FRUIT SALT,' I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and SLUGGISH LIVER and its concomitant BILIOUS HEAD-ACHES so affected him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys vigorous health, has NEVER had HEADACHE or CONSTIPATION since he commenced it, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been SO BENEFICIAL in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico*. I find that it makes a VERY REFRESHING, SOOTHING, PURIFYING, and INVIGORATING drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."

(From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.)

Experience!

'We gather the Honey of Wisdom

From Thorns, not from Flowers.'—LATTON.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently DERANGES the LIVER. I would ADVISE ALL BILIOUS PEOPLE, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise GREAT CARE in the USE of ALCOHOLIC DRINKS; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE SHOWS that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are ALL very apt to disagree; while light, white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is peculiarly adapted for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the RIGHT TRACK TO HEALTH. A WORLD OF WOE is AVOIDED by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

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PREFACE.

THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. HAWKINS (Camberwell).—We do not see the mate if Black plays P to Q 4th. You seem to overlook the fact that the White Knight is now pinned by Black's Rook.

J. SKELL (Ramsgate).—Try a good introduction to the openings.

Anonymous.—We believe the rules are not yet decided upon.

W. FISLAVSON.—Problems to hand with thanks.

G. W. (Sunderbury). G. HAWKINS, CHEVACHER, J. BARRON, A. STUDENT OF MARY COLLEGE, and several others are thanked for their kind letters.

CORRESPONDENCE OF PROBLEMS. No. 2851 and 2852 received from C. A. M. (London), of No. 2853 from P. C. (New York), of No. 2854 from Rev. Armand de Rosset (Marseilles), of No. 2855 from Rev. Armand de Rosset (Marseilles), of No. 2856 from J. G. (Ware), P. C. (New York), and Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2857 from J. Bailey (Newark), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), Sorrento, and Albert Wolf (Putney).

CONNECTED SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS. No. 2852 received from Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. J. Candy (Norwood), F. Glynn (Dr. P. St. F. Dauby, Richard Murphy (Wexford), G. L. Stuart, T. G. (Ware), A. H. P. Duncan, P. J. S. (Hamstead), L. P. (Ware), R. W. (Ware), W. A. Barnard (Plymouth), Fred Harrison (Brighton), Sorrento, Charles Barnett, George N. (Brighton), Johnson (Cobham), 14th Corser (Reigate), C. A. V. Butler (Chislehurst), R. M. P. (Fygon, Higham), J. H. Warburton Lee (Whitechurch), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), T. Roberts, J. F. Moon, and Alpha.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2851.—By W. JOHN.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. Kt to Kt 4th. K takes Kt

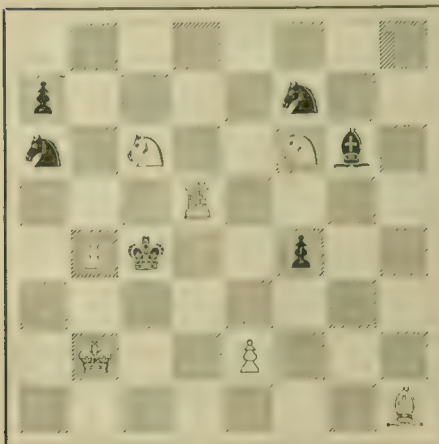
2. Q to B 4th (ch). K takes Kt

3. B mates.

If Black play 1. K to Kt 7th or K to Q 7th, 2. Q to Q 3rd; and if 1. K to Q 5th, then 2. Q to B 4th (ch), and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2854.—By F. HEALY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CAMBRIDGE.

Game played between Messrs. TATTERSALL and GUNSTON.

(By Lopez.)

| WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. G.) | WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. G.) |
|--|---------------------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 14. Q to R 6th (ch) | K to K 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 15. Kt takes Kt | P takes B |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q 3rd | 16. P to B 3rd | Q to Kt 3rd |
| 4. B to R 4th | P to Q 3rd | 17. P takes P | K to K 2nd |
| 5. P to Q 4th | B to Q 2nd | 18. B to K 3rd | K to K 2nd |
| 6. Castles | Kt to B 3rd | 19. R takes P | |
| 7. Kt to B 3rd | P to Q 3rd would appear better. | | |
| 8. B to Kt 3rd | P to Q 4th | | |
| 9. Kt to K 3rd | P takes P | | |
| A well-known position. If instead Kt takes P a piece is lost by Kt takes Kt. | | | |
| 10. Q takes Kt | P to Q 4th, etc. | | |
| 11. Kt to Kt 5th | Kt to K 4th | | |
| 12. P takes Kt | P to B 4th | | |
| 13. Kt takes B | P takes P | | |
| The game closes at this point as white has lost a piece. | | | |
| 14. P to K B 4th | P to B 6th | | |
| 15. P takes Kt | P takes P | | |
| 16. Kt to K 4th | P takes P | | |
| Finely played and forcing the game, as the sequel shows. | | | |
| 17. Kt to K 4th | K takes Kt | | |

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in Chicago between Mr. PILLSBURY and an AMATEUR.

(French Game.)

| WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Amateur.) | WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Amateur.) |
|--|------------------|-----------------------|--|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd | 15. R takes B | |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 16. Kt (Kt 5th) takes | |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 17. R (ch) | K to Kt 3rd |
| 4. B to Kt 5th | B to K 2nd | 18. P to K B 4th | Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 5. B takes Kt | B takes B | 19. P to Q B 3rd | B to K 3rd |
| 6. Kt to K B 3rd | Castles | 20. Kt to Kt 5th | |
| 7. B to Q 3rd | B to K 2nd | 21. Q to Q 7th (ch) | K to B 3rd |
| P to K 3rd followed by B to Kt 2nd would yield a fair game, and the attack would be held at bay for some time. | | | |
| 8. P to K R 4th | P to K R 3rd | 22. P takes P | P takes Kt |
| 9. P to K R 4th | P to K R 4th | 23. Q to P 3rd | Kt takes Kt |
| 10. Kt takes P | Q takes P | 24. R to R 2nd | R to Q 1 |
| 11. Kt takes P | K takes P | 25. Q to K R 5th | B to K 2nd |
| 12. B to B 4th (ch) | K to B 3rd | 26. Q to K 5th (ch) | would give trouble, but its effect appears to have escaped Black's notice. |
| 13. Kt (K 4) to Kt 5 | Q to K 3rd | 27. P to Kt 6th | K to B 3rd |
| 14. Kt to K 5th | | 28. P takes B | Resigns |
| Everyone will be charmed with the pretty attack which White manages to attain with his Knights and Bishops. | | | |
| 15. B to B 7th | B to B 3rd | | |
| Perhaps Q to K 2nd would have been better, seeing that the Kt at K 5th is a fixture, for some time at least. | | | |

The Gramophone Company, of 31, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, sends out a gramophone which by the simplest manipulation affords a delightful drawing-room entertainment. The records, of which there appear to be several hundreds, are remarkably clear and harmonious, and entertainment in the way of song, recitation, and instrumental amusement can be given to a room full of people by the mere act of winding up a clock. The gramophone costs £5 10s., and the records are thirty shillings the dozen.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 6, 1895), with two codicils (dated Aug. 8, 1895, and Oct. 6, 1898), of Mr. William Whitear Bulpett, J.P., D.L., of Old Alresford House, Hants, banker, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on Feb. 24 by Mr. Charles William Lloyd Bulpett, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £402,473. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his nephew Major Arthur Dolben Bulpett; £1000 each to his nephew Captain William Henry Bulpett and his niece Lydia Lucy Bulpett; £500 to his butler, Stephen Bedbrook Knowles; and £200 to his housemaid, Anne Park. He devises the Old Alresford estate, upon trust, for his nephew Charles William Lloyd Bulpett, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Charles William.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 19, 1886), with another codicil (dated Jan. 20, 1886), of Mr. James Charles Hayne, of 17, Cornwall Gardens, S.W., who died on Jan. 20, was proved on Feb. 24 by Mrs. Caroline Winifred Grimanesa Hayne, the widow, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Ford Colville and George Duncan Rowe, the executors, the value of the estate being £85,698. The testator gives £1500 and his household furniture and domestic effects, carriages and horses to his wife; £200 each to his executors, Lieutenant-Colonel Colville and G. D. Rowe; £2000 to his sister, Lucy Garrett; £500 to his son, Frederick William Hayne; £200 to his goddaughter, Mary Brice Miller; and £100 each to his sister Maria Davidson and Mrs. S. Garrett. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of three fourths thereof to his wife during her widowhood, or of one third in the event of her remarriage, and subject thereto for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1894) of Anthony Henley, Baron Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby, formerly M.P. for Northampton, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on March 1 by Clara Campbell, Baroness Henley, the widow, and Frederic, Baron Henley, and the Hon. Anthony Morton Henley, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £55,770. The testator gives to his wife his balance at Messrs. Drummond's and the use, for life, of certain jewels; and portions to his two younger sons, the Hon. Anthony Morton Henley and the Hon. Francis Robert Henley. He gives and devises the Manor of Chardstock, Dorset, and the premises, 19A, Whitehall Court, to his eldest son, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male; and his furniture, pictures, plate, jewels, etc., are to devolve as heirlooms and follow the like trusts. The residue of his property he leaves to his eldest son.

The will and codicil (both dated Dec. 28, 1898) of Mr. William Holland, J.P., of Market Deeping, Lincoln, who died on Jan. 9, were proved on Feb. 27 by Daniel John Evans and Frederick Swift, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £34,199. The testator gives £200, an annuity of £150, and such furniture and effects

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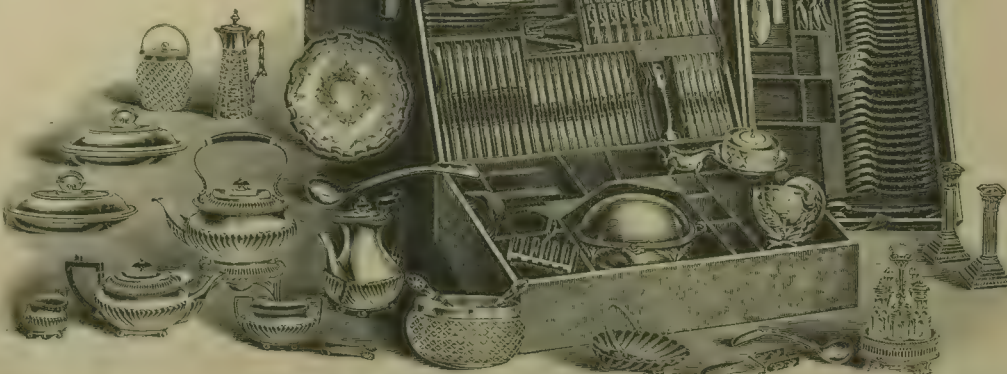
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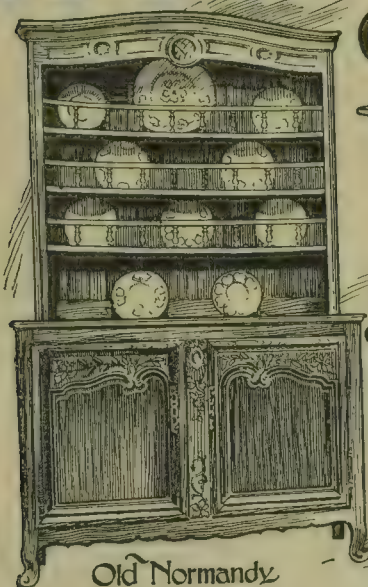
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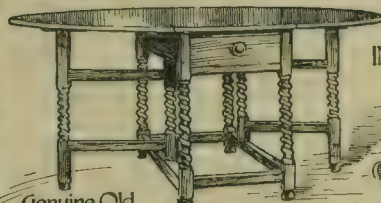
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as she may select, to his wife, Mrs. Amelia Holland; £756 to Frederick Swift; £200 to George Bunning; the cottage now in the occupation of George Bunning, to him and his wife, or the survivor of them; and legacies to his medical attendant and servant. The residue of his property he leaves to his nieces, Isabella and Fanny Monkhouse.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1896), with a codicil (dated July 10, 1896), of Mrs. Mary Anne Ellington, of 69, Prince's Gate, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Ellington, Scots Guards, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 27 by Captain Edward Boyd, the son-in-law, and James Gray, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,971. The testatrix gives £30 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and the use and enjoyment of her household furniture and effects, and of the premises called Seabrook Vale, Sandgate, to her daughter, Mrs. Katherine Annabel Lydia Boyd, during her life. The residue of her property she leaves, as to one moiety thereof, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Boyd, for life, and the other moiety, and at the decease of Mrs. Boyd, the whole of her estate, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Williamina Geraldine Louisa Beatrice Creagh, the wife of Major-General Creagh, and at her decease to her children as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated March 24, 1897), with a codicil (dated Dec. 22, 1897), of Mrs. Katherine Collier Christy, of Court Garden, Tunbridge Wells, widow, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on Feb. 23 by Colonel Samuel Bourne Bevington and Frederick William Foster, the executors, the value of the estate being £29,114. The testatrix gives £1000 each to her cousin, Sarah Stewart, Sarah Mary Huntley, Katherine Mary Huntley, and Marianne Barrett; £200 each to Samuel B. Bevington and Alexander Bevington; £500 each to Frederick W. Foster and Arthur Foster; £800 to Mrs. Ellington; £400 to Mary Eliza Foster; £300 to Erasmus Robert Foster; and many other legacies and specific gifts of silver to friends and servants. She devises her property at Romford to Frederick William Foster and Arthur Foster. The residue of her property she leaves in equal

shares between Sarah Stewart, Maria ret de Horne Best, Marianne Barrett, and Frederick William Foster.

The Irish probate of the will (dated May 12, 1897) of George Ponsonby, second Viscount Lismore, of Llanbally Castle, Clogheen, Tipperary, and 31, Old Burlington Street, who died on Oct. 29 at Folkestone, granted to Richard Studdert Reeves and Edwin Taylor, the executors, was resealed in London on Feb. 24, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £20,833. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, Mary, Viscountess Lismore, during her life. At her decease he bequeaths the portrait of James, first Duke of Ormonde, by Sir Peter Lely, to his cousin, the Marquis of Ormonde; and his residuary estate to Lady Beatrice Frances Elizabeth Butler and Lady Constance Mary Butler, the daughters of the Marquis of Ormonde, in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation (under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh) of Mr. Walter Henry Hadow, of 14, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, one of her Majesty's Prison Inspectors, and for many years a member of the Middlesex County Cricket Eleven, who died on Sept. 15, at Dupplin Castle, Perth, granted to Lady Constance Blanche Louisa Hadow, the widow, the executrix *dativo qua relicta*, was resealed in London on March 1, the value of the estate in England and Scotland amounting to £26,398.

The will of Mr. Edward Mitford Hutton Riddell, J.P., of Minster Yard, Lincoln, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Feb. 23 by Francis Abel Smith, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £15,631.

The will of Mr. Robert Toynbee, of Minster Yard, Lincoln, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Feb. 24 by Walter Turner Toynbee, the son, and Miss Edith Harriott Toynbee, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £6859.

The Mansion House magistrates last week adjourned the prosecution of Sir Alfred Kirby, Mr. Arthur Kirby, and Mr. J. Clifford, charged with fraud in the affairs of the Coolgardie and Iron King Gold-Mines, until March 16. Their bail was renewed.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I daresay many of my readers will have noted an announcement which appeared recently in the pages of the daily newspapers, wherein was chronicled a marvellous fossil find at Laramie, U.S. The discovery was made by Professor W. H. Reed, of the "Geological University of Wyoming"—I suspect this phrase is a misprint for Professor of Geology in the University of Wyoming. It consisted in the unearthing of the fossil remains—bones, of course—of what is described, and perhaps justly, as "the most colossal animal ever taken from the earth's crust." Assuming the report to be correct in its details, we find the length of the specimen of this giant lizard to be 130 ft., its height at the haunch 35 ft., and at the shoulder 25 ft. The weight of the skeleton alone is estimated at 40,000 lb. The find, it is said, was made last August, and since then "the members of the University have been secretly at work at its restoration." But why "secretly," may I ask? Why not have announced the great discovery at once? Why should such a notable event have been kept a secret contrary to the usual American method and practice of exploiting what is new and interesting?

There is no antecedent reason why the find should be discredited. For Wyoming is a territory that yielded to Professor Marsh an inexhaustible source of fossil remains, reptilian and mammalian alike. It was from Wyoming that the great *Brontosaurus excelsus* came, a big lizard or dinosaur nearly 60 ft. long, and weighing, when alive, over twenty tons. It is estimated that every footprint made by this huge beast equalled in area a square yard. But if any of my readers wish to form some idea of the size which these big lizards attained, let them go to the Natural History Museum in London and look at the cast of the thigh-bone of one species, *Atlantosaurus* by name. This also was the discovery of Professor Marsh, who thought the animal, when alive, must have attained the length of 80 ft.; and if, as is probable, it walked on its hind legs



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In accordance with arrangements made by "The Times" and by Messrs. A. and C. Black, Publishers of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, "The Times" Reprint of the Ninth Edition has, for some time, been sold by "The Times" at a reduction of 55 per cent. from the price originally named by the Publishers.

These arrangements will, on March 23 (one year from the day on which "The Times" Reprint was first offered to the public), cease to be operative; and the sale in Great Britain will be discontinued on that day. This early intimation is given so that readers who desire to procure a copy of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA* on the present terms may send in their orders promptly. It will be impossible to accept belated applications, and if more orders are received than can be filled, those which first reach "The Times" Office will have priority.

The results of the plan of sale adopted by "The Times" have been gratifying in the highest degree. The Ninth Edition of the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* was completed nearly ten years ago, and since that time a great number of persons have keenly desired to procure a copy of the work, but have been deterred by the consideration of its price. To them the opportunity presented by the issue of "The Times" Reprint was a most welcome one. The reduction in price was not, indeed, the only facility they enjoyed. A novel plan of sale was adopted. "The Times" sends the complete twenty-five volumes of the work to the purchaser upon receipt of only one guinea. He has the immediate use of the volumes, and the balance of the purchase money is paid in monthly instalments of one guinea each.

When "The Times" first advertised a list of some 200 of the most successful and popular writers of the day, and described these men and women as contributors to the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*, persons who had only seen the volumes standing on the shelves at a club or

a library were amazed. The authors' names showed that the work itself must appeal to the interest of the general reader. The fact that it bore the title *Encyclopædia* was perhaps enough in itself to create a vague impression that it was not a readable work. There is something in the very sound of the word that repels the great majority—the people to whom art and literature and science are not the chief occupations of life, the people who have so many and so varied claims upon every hour of every day, that they are able to spend only a very small portion of their time in reading, and in thinking about what they have read. Yet it is to this very class of people that the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* is most useful.

A Supplement to the Ninth Edition is now in course of preparation, and will, as soon as possible, be offered for sale by "The Times." It is primarily designed for the benefit of purchasers of "The Times" Reprint, and it will be supplied to them at a lower price than that at which it will be obtainable by the public at large.



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occasionally, like a kangaroo, its height may have exceeded 30 ft. The length of the thigh-bone of *Atlantosaurus* is 6 ft. 2 in. We may form some idea of the size of the whole animal on the *Ex pede Herculem* principle.

These Dinosaurs, as they are termed, for the most part had weak fore limbs as compared with their hind limbs; and in respect of the structure of the haunch-bones, the features therein represented, remind the naturalist of the allied parts in birds. Huxley, who was impressed strongly with this resemblance, saw in the Dinosaurs the possible ancestors of birds, and it is this shortness of the fore limbs, with the very large and massive development of the hind limbs, which led to the assumption of the kangaroo or bird-like attitude to which I have referred. Not the least interesting of the speculations connected with these big extinct reptiles is the fact that they may have been responsible for certain big "footprints on the sands of time," which we find impressed on rocks on the Connecticut Valley, for instance. These three-toed footprints must have been made by some very large creatures, and these animals were regarded as belonging to the bird class, owing to the three-toed nature of the footprints, and the evident bipedal progression of the beings that made them. Now, however, that we know of the Dinosaurs and their habits, some doubt has been cast on the bird-origin of the footprints, and that they

may have been caused by these big "dragons of the prime," rather than by birds, is a perfectly feasible supposition. Professor Reed, I observe, gives the supposed weight of his big dinosaur as sixty tons, the length of its neck as 30 ft., and of its tail as 60 ft. Its body-cavity, emptied of its contents, gives a space 34 ft. long and 16 ft. wide. As in other Dinosaurs, the head is small for the size of the body. I hope to hear further accounts in due season of the successful mounting and restoration of the big lizard. It will be worth a trip to America to see the fossil, or, at least, we may safely assume that another powerful attraction will have been added to the list of American geological treasures by Professor Reed's fortunate find.

I am not a member of any league or association whose name, beginning with the prefix "anti," seeks to permit other people to prevent their neighbours from doing something, which may or may not be for their neighbours' mental benefit or physical welfare. I am not a teetotaler, for example, and I enjoy a pipe; nor do I consider that it is the height of depravity to eat a mutton chop; nor do I believe that anti-vaccinationists are right in their views; and I am convinced that for the saving of human life, experiments on animals represent in some cases an absolutely necessary proceeding. In making this statement of my personal beliefs—which surely are as legitimate

and sincere as those of my opponents, and as capable of defence as theirs—I have in my mind's eye a protest made to me in language more forcible than polite, on the occasion of my expressing my cordial detestation of the habit of cigarette-smoking by boys.

The lady, who protested, said that she thought I had better practise what I preached—admirable doctrine!—and begin by giving up my pipe. Now this earnest Dorcas, it seems to me, fails to distinguish, as do so many of her kith and kin, between the circumstances that make a habit safe or non-injurious in one case, and those which make it harmful in another. Probably from lack of knowledge (and, of course, experience) she does not attain to the felicity of understanding the tobacco question at all. What is hurtful to the growing body may not be (and, I say in this case, is not) injurious to the healthy adult. This is matter of easy proof. Thousands of men use tobacco in moderation with benefit to themselves. Experience teaches that it not only does no harm, but is a source of innocent enjoyment comparable, perhaps, to the dearly beloved tea of my fair critic. On the other hand, to the boy tobacco is injurious. This also is matter of scientific certainty, just as a modicum of alcohol which may suit the adult perfectly is utterly unsuitable for and harmful to the lad.

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THE "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is manufactured from FRESH and SELECTED LIVERS of the Cod Fish only at ALLEN & HANBURY'S factories in Norway. By the special processes employed, all nauseous oxidation products are avoided, and the "PERFECTED" Oil can be borne and digested when other Cod-liver Oils are refused.

NOTICE.

ALLEN & HANBURY'S desire to state, as emphatically as possible, that their "Perfected" Cod-liver Oil is never supplied in bulk to be bottled by retail dealers, and that no Cod-liver Oil represented as being their Perfected is genuine unless sold in their original packages and bearing their Signature in white across the label, and their Trade Mark—a Plough.

Frequent misrepresentations render this caution necessary.



The Summit

of Medical Science has been reached, when, for one shilling, you can carry in your waistcoat pocket a vial of Bishop's Lithia Varalettes containing four days' treatment for the cure and prevention of Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gouty Eczema, and Acidity. Bishop's Lithia Varalettes are correct as to dose, and may be added to water or any drinks, when they immediately dissolve with brisk effervescence. Most club men carry a vial always with them. Bishop's Lithia Varalettes are recommended by the "Lancet," and guaranteed of finest manufacture. Supplied in vials at 1/-, or in boxes of six for 5/-, by all Chemists, or direct from Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Spelman Street, London, at 1/1 and 5/2, post free.

Advertisement by F. W. Sears, from a photo by Friih & Co.

A very Popular, British, Family Medicine.

The dead set in the last few years among nearly all Nations of the World against British Prestige and British Manufactures is now awakening the Public to the importance of supporting and using British Products against those poured in upon us by the foreigner.

If a Briton uses a foreign product instead of a British one, he is clearly decreasing his country's wealth, since the money paid for imported articles leaves the country never to return, moreover subsidising the foreign manufacturer to still further compete against the British one.

Why not Britain for Britons?

And it is not too much to say that in medicines and medical remedies many millions of money have been and are being taken out of this country, mainly to America, to enrich a number of personages there of whom the better-class Americans are themselves ashamed as members of their country.

Lavish advertising by books and pamphlets are the methods mainly relied upon to get and keep trade in these foreign medical products. They use the Press less largely, since Newspaper readers have more discrimination and judgment than the people affected by door to door advertising possess.

In point of merit such a British Product as Guy's Tonic far exceeds that of the foreigner, and equally is this the case in Value also.

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"I often use Guy's Tonic myself with advantage, and our family Doctor frequently prescribes it as one of the best Tonics he can give.—EDWIN H. STOUT, Manager of the Review of Reviews."

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Try a 1s. 1½d. Bottle of Guy's Tonic, and notice the improvement it speedily effects in your Appetite, Energy, Strength, and Vigour. Watch how it Brightens the Spirits, and gives freedom from Indigestion and Debility.

"Feels Ten Years Younger."

"Avenue Gardens, Skegness,"

"August 15, 1898."

"Gentlemen,—Please send two bottles of Guy's Tonic. I have proved it to be the only sure cure for Indigestion. I feel ten years younger since taking Guy's Tonic, and have recommended it to many people, but they have a difficulty in getting it here.—Yours, &c., S. W. WORTLEYS."

Guy's Tonic

Cures Indigestion, Flatulence, Loss of Appetite, Pains after Eating, Nervousness, Debility.

Guy's Tonic is a British Preparation of simple Vegetable origin. It is now employed in Hospital Practice, and is widely recommended by Medical Men. Guy's Tonic, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Bottle. Of all Chemists and Stores.



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FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

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Showing the world-wide popularity of Koko for the Hair.



Crown Prince's
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Athens.

Mdlle. A. J. Contostavlos begs
to inform the Koko-Maricopas
Co. that

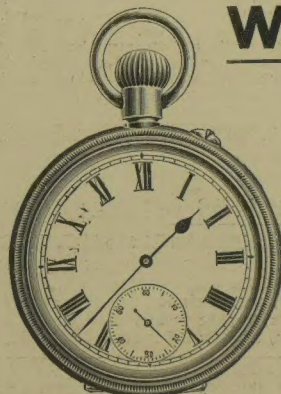
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OF GREECE

is very pleased with their
preparation for the Hair.

KOKO
FOR THE HAIR

Eradicates Scurf and Dandruff. Prevents Hair Falling and Turning Grey. Promotes Growth. Contains no Dye, and is undoubtedly the Best Preparation for the Hair. 1/-, 2/-, and 4/-, of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, &c.

WATCHES.



Gentleman's KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, Jewelled in all holes; guaranteed a perfect Timekeeper; specially adapted for Military use on account of its shallow and smooth case, from which it can only be removed by raising winding catch and unscrewing from the front, thus rendering it both dust and air-tight.

In Oxidised Steel Case ... £2 10s.
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A REPENTANCE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

I had heard that "A Repentance" dealt with the Carlists. And as soon as I saw the Countess des Escas' room, with its posse of soldiers, its walls draped in black velvet, its prie-dieu and its lamp-lit altar, I knew that we were to have tragedy at the St. James's, that at curtain-fall the leading character in John Oliver Hobbes' new play would be shot. So 'twas in the confident expectation that the dead hero would be resurrected, would be proved a traitor, and would make a beautiful and becoming end, that I listened to the beautiful heroine tearfully celebrating her poor husband's loyalty and resolutely scheming to bring about the "King's" return. It happened just as I had thought. While, to render the tragedy more exquisite and more piquant,

the Count was made now cynical and light-hearted, anon tenderly affectionate and oppressed by fate, at one time glibly denouncing the rottenness of all causes, and laughingly rallying his wife on her religion and her seriousness, then praising her beauty in loving fashion, and uttering in sombre tones his shuddering fear of death. Now this kind of fable might appear plausible if developed in a couple of acts, but played as a forty-minutes' sketch it fails to convince. The external fortunes of the febrile hero—his unexplained absence, his extraordinary conversion, his unexpected reappearance, and his ultimate execution—all seem glaringly sensational, while the strange psychological states through which he passes are so hurried on the stage that the whole story looks like mere glorified melodrama. It charms the eye, the ear, and the imagination: to the mind, and therefore to the emotions, it makes far too subtle an appeal.

"THE CUCKOO," AT THE AVENUE.

If the function of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and his fellow-players be to provide boisterous fun at any cost, then the new Avenue programme is justified of its existence, for it is consistently diverting. None the less, the change from "Lord and Lady Algy," something like a comedy of (bad) manners, to "The Cuckoo," a French farce of the customary non-moral and artificial type, is artistically speaking, a deplorable descent. The comic bewilderment of the husband just sustains a thin and threadbare plot. Of the chief performers, Miss Fanny Ward is no Réjane, but there is consolation in Miss Constance Collier's exquisite study of the demi-mondaine. While, of course, the droll humours of Mr. Arthur Williams and the engaging mendacity of that master of light comedy, Mr. Hawtrey, would distinguish a much less amusing production than "The Cuckoo." F. G. B.

"Vinolia" is an emollient Soap for Sensitive Skins.

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CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 117, Queen Victoria Street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

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HINDE'S The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West-End Dealer from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's Curlers." Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs, of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" lightly impressed both on the arched box. The present illustrated hair-renderers Nos. 18, 19, 20, a well-appointed table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queensdoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hinde Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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RED FACES

Rashes, pimples, blackheads, yellow, greasy, mothy skin, are the result of imperfect action of the Pores of the skin.

The only preventive of bad complexions is CUTICURA SOAP, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements.

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Children's, 12 doz. Hemstitched. Ladies', 23 " " Ladies', 29 doz. Gent's, 33 " " Gent's, 311 "

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

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It is sold by all Chemists, in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s. See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

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TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 13 or 26 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.

J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

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GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by these Cigarettes. All Chemists, or Post Free 1s. 9d. WILCOX & CO., 83, Mortimer St., London, W.



Guaranteed Qualities: 10/6

1. 14-ct. Gold, therefore never corrodes.
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3. Instantly ready for use.
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FINALLY: A pen as perfect as the inventive skill of the day can produce. Adds immeasurably to celerity and comfort in writing.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—POPE and PLANTE, Hosiery, shirtmakers, and Manufacturers of Elastic Stockings, have REMOVED from Regent Street to 30a, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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ASTHMA, CATARRH. Franeau's Paper. FORTY-FIVE YEARS' SUCCESS. The Highest Award at the Exhibition, 1880. London: G. JOZEAT, 49, Haymarket, W.; MERTENS, 64, H.-aborn Vindict, E.C.

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PRODUCES WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS IN THE TEETH OF SMOKERS.

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SEE THIS EVERY UMBRELLA NAME IS ON FRAME YOU BUY

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Preserves, Nourishes, Enriches, and Restores the Hair more effectually than any other preparation. Prevents Scurf, Greyness, and Dandruff, and has a most delightful bouquet of roses. Invaluable for Ladies' and Children's Hair. Also in a **GOLDEN COLOUR**, for fair or grey hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 equal to four small, a great saving.

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The Best Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth; prevents decay; preserves the enamel; sweetens the breath; hardens the gums. Is free from gritty and acid ingredients, and preserves and beautifies the teeth for years. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SONS, Hatton Garden, London.

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EVERYBODY HAS GOT ONE.
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THE VERY THING FOR ALL MEN & WOMEN.
IT AT ONCE REMOVES PAIN & ITS CAUSE.

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Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

**Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,
Bilious Headache.**

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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TWO PRIZE MEDALS, PARIS, 1889.
Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, from 2/6 per doz.
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"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

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From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using "Keating's Lozenges" is understated. Since the operation, a specially severe one, performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

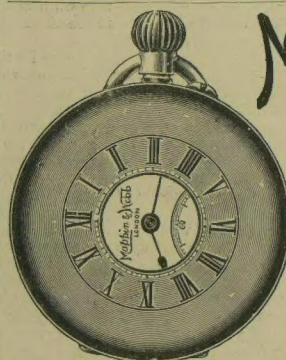
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Sept. 8, 1891, Mr. Hill writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

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THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, THROAT TROUBLES.



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"MANSION HOUSE" WATCHES (Regd.)

Our own make of High-Class ENGLISH LEVERS, 3-plate Movement, Chronometer Balance, fully Compensated for all Climates, Adjusted for Positions, and Breguet Spring to resist jarring and friction. Jewelled in 13 Actions and on end stones of Rubies. Warranted Good Timekeepers. Strong 18-carat Gold or Silver Cases. London Hall Marked.

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GENTLEMEN'S KEYLESS SILVER WATCHES,
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REPEATERS, STOP & CALENDAR WATCHES

Capitol

FOR THE HAIR.

The LANCET says:
"We have tried 'CAPTOL' clinically, and found it not only pleasant to use, but effectual in preventing the formation of Dandruff."

"CAPTOL" is a Hair Tonic which has brought us a large number of unsolicited testimonials, which prove that "Capitol" does more than the public anticipate.

We wish to point out that "Capitol" eradicates the densest growth of Scurf and Dandruff in 10 to 14 days, and therefore is the best Hair Tonic in existence to prevent the hair from falling out.

IT IS NOT GREASY,
IT IS NOT A DYE,
IT IS NOT POISONOUS.

Invented by a leading medical authority on Skin Diseases.

A single bottle will prove its superiority over all others.

Insist on "Capitol," and do not allow dealers to dissuade you from giving it a trial.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,
2/3 & 3/6 per Bottle.

If any difficulty in procuring, will be sent by post for 3d. extra from

MULHENS' 4711 Depot, 62, New Bond St., London, W.

REVIEWS.

Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain (Cambrera-Mayor). By Constance Hill. (Heinemann.)

The Royal Navy. A History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By W. Laird Clowes. Vol. III. (Sampson Low.)

A Sailor's Life Under Four Sovereigns. By Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel. (Macmillan.)

West African Studies. By Mary H. Kingsley. (Macmillan.)

In the Niger Country. By Harold Bindloss. (Blackwood.)

A History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races. By Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. (Cambridge University Press.)

The Paths of the Prudent. By J. S. Fletcher. (Methuen.)

The Valley of Light. By W. Basil Worsfold. (Macmillan.)

Things That Have Happened. By Dorothea Gerard. (Methuen.)

Madonna Mia, and Other Stories. By Clement Scott. (Greening.)

The Field of Clover. By Laurence Housman. With Engravings by Clemence Housman. (Kegan Paul.)

Petticoat Loose. By "Rita." (Hutchinson and Co.)

The issues of the wars of the Spanish succession are so complicated that one gladly lays hold on any individual that figured in the struggle. Such a personage was the



THE FAMOUS DUKE OF BERWICK.

From "The Princess des Ursins." (Heinemann.)

Princess des Ursins, who spent most of her long life—1642-1722—in politics, upholding the Bourbon dynasty in Spain as a good Frenchwoman through thick and thin. England did not like the Princess, and it is under an impulse of righting her that Miss Hill has given us this excellent biography, which forms the first page of the history of Spain in the eighteenth century. The book bristles with people familiar to English readers, as, for example, the gallant Duke of Berwick, the natural son of James II., who got his instinct for fighting from his mother, Lady Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough. The book is timely at a moment when Spain is on her trial.

The third volume of Mr. Laird Clowes's monumental work on the Navy covers the period 1714-92. Recall the mere names of the great sea-dogs of that period, and you will see how much romance there was in the Navy during the eighteenth century. Anson, Boscawen, Byron (the poet's grandfather), Hawke, Hood, the first Lord Keppel, are names to conjure with still. There was much fighting with France, and many a good prize fell to England. For instance, there was the fight off Cape Finisterre, in May 1747, when Anson smashed up the French fleet, capturing several vessels, including the *Invincible* (74 guns). Indeed the history of the year 1747 alone runs into many pages. What a stirring chase was that given by the British to the splendid Spaniard, the *Glorioso*, in October 1747! The Spaniard fell to H.M.S. *Russell* after an action of five hours. It is impossible in the small space at our disposal to give any idea of the enormous labour expended on Mr. Laird Clowes's standard work. Suffice it to say that it is written for the purely technical, as well as for the lay, reader. It is full of excellent illustrations, and is equipped with an admirable index. The book will be completed in two more volumes.

For those to whom a personal narrative means anything, the autobiography of the veteran Sir Harry Keppel would be hard to beat. Born in 1809, Sir Harry, who is happily still spared to us, seems extraordinarily old when you think that his father was the fourth Lord Albemarle while the present peer is the eighth; that he met that "gallant and extraordinary but ill-used man," Lord Cochrane; and that he has served four Sovereigns. Sir Harry entered the Navy in 1822, and his narrative takes us down to 1876. He has cast his book into diary form—simply, unpretentiously. His pages are full of adventure, from his experience as a midshipman in the West Indies to the time when he commanded at the destruction of the Chinese Fleet in 1857. There is a generous breadth about Sir Harry's life that must account for his long life, as, for instance, this entry, under date Dec. 1, 1858—

Seconded resolution made by Bishop of Oxford on Gospel in China. Meeting at Willis's Rooms. Much amused at Strand Theatre. Our Marie Wilton a little darling. The book, which is in three volumes, is delightfully printed in big old-fashioned type, and is illustrated by

Mr. J. W. Houghton, Mr. Jane, and others, winding up a sketch of Sir Harry (by Miss Nina Daly) busily engaged at his desk in the Albany. The book is dedicated (in facsimile) "To my sailor son [Commander Colin Keppel, Extra Equerry to the Duke of York] in the hope that he will avoid all those shoals on which I so often grounded."

One gets the feeling very often from "West African Studies" that Miss Mary Kingsley cannot take the Dark Continent seriously. It is a forest-tipped, scorpion-pointed, malarial joke of Nature's: the Great Mother was in a Schopenhauerian-cum-Falstaffian mood when she made it. Hell is not far from West Africa, according to a sick friend of Miss Kingsley's; but its devils, it is evident, are not sour and wrath-ridden: they have a most mordant sense of humour. The more palpable tenants of swamp and town and forest, from Senegal to Biafra, have caught the contagion of demonic comedy; their sting has a keen fun, unappreciated only by the dull-witted; they prey to an accompaniment of Cervantic or Meredithian laughter. There are "perfect cusses" among the slaves—"damned rocky Ju Jus" in less tangible guise; and only the poor failures among the older and world-weary serpents have no moments of farce. Altogether one's impression is that the future of humour must be rich in West Africa, that the jest-waves by Niger and Gambia have been neglected, to the world's loss, for the less spontaneous ebullitions of Texas. West Africa is an uproarious place; the natives, Miss Kingsley suggests, seem to think externally, but it may be their insuppressible vitality, the epic overflow of high spirits. In them and their historian there are snaps of Kiplingese and of Birrelling, an academic slang and learned waggery that bespeak the cult of Lang. But deftly enough are we lured along to the serious strata. The fetish chapters are full and careful; disappointing, indeed, to some schools of anthropology, because the facts are against a noted theory of the relation of savage deities and ancestor-worship. The logic of the African mind in religion and conduct is emphasised and defended, though with saving spice and sprinkling of jest. For the benefit of statesmen in need of a subject for deliberation during sleepless nights, the Crown Colony system is raked fore and aft, and an alternative succinctly propounded. "West Africa to-day"—that is to say, governmentally—"is just a quarry of paving-stones for Hell, and those stones were cemented in place with men's blood mixed with wasted gold." "Prove it! you say," adds Miss Kingsley. "Prove it yourself by going there—I don't mean to Blaize—but to West Africa." To the French pioneers "down there," Miss Kingsley's attitude is a "Go-it-Sal-and-I'll-hold-your-bonnet-for-you" thing. She discourses also on trade, medicine, history, and, in short, so many things that it will take the new century working at high pressure and with no holidays to see them out to their logical conclusions.

"The English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them," Mr. Harold Bindloss, who quotes the saying in his book, "In the Niger Country," hardly proves its truth at either point. He did no great acts in his African travels—he merely took a cheery "look round," with some moderately exciting sea and river trips—while he is unreservedly fluent as to his sights, impressions, and not uncommon adventures. He saw the outside of life, and skims the problems of the Nigerland with an optimism which is hardly infectious, savouring as it does of temperament rather than deep study and resulting conviction. There is a mild Panglossian touch in his vision, for, though as regards West Africa everything is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds, it must be so by-and-by with patience, perseverance, light railways, and still better missionaries.

Few volumes in Professor Prothero's "Cambridge Historical Series" can hope to attract so large an audience as Sir Harry Johnston's account of the invasion of Africa by alien races, for the division of the Dark Continent is one of the absorbing problems of our time, occupying the attention not merely of the theoretical politician but of the prosaic man on "Change. As a Crown official in Central British Africa, and now at Tunis, Sir Harry's knowledge is very wide, and he has learned the art of committing his facts to paper. In all probability, man first entered Africa from Asia, but the real problem of the alien was begun when Europeans, led by the Portuguese eight hundred years ago, started to invade the great unknown land. England was the next to follow in point of time, though the Dutch were more dominant than we when they did begin to flock Africward. Spain, France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany are all treated in turn, and there is an interesting chapter on Christian missions. Sir Harry's conclusions form a very valuable chapter. He thinks the Egyptians will always be Egyptians, no matter what waves of invasion sweep over them. He predicts a great influx of East Indians; he doubts whether German will ever become a popular language in Africa, but he doubts not that Paganism will disappear. The volume is enhanced by eight maps printed in colours.

Miss Hypatia Watts kept a Home for the Upbringing of Prudent Maidens, and the keenest of these was Dorintha Evadne Clementine Anwell. Miss Watts gave her subjects a capital education, taught them to be ladies

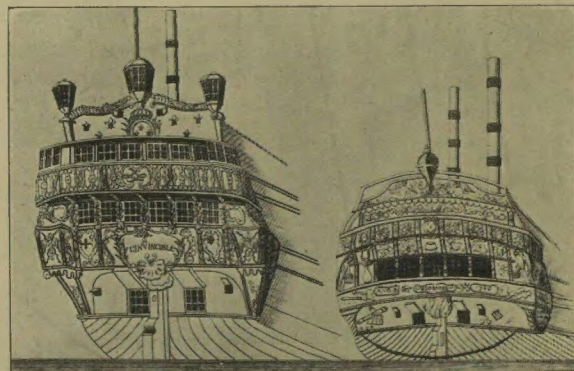
first and housemaids or barmaids afterwards, and aimed at the development of Self in each and all to the extremest imaginable point. Going into the English "Arcadia" as rustic barmaid, Dorintha Evadne put the teaching to the test, and was a beautiful calculation in petticoats, a shrewd shyness in a white apron, a tender torment and demure enigma to a world of country worshippers. She was wooed and apparently won by a Baronet's boy—a bright, ingenious youth who wrote poetry and was not jealous of the greater fame of Tennyson; but she was destined to go farther, and discover for herself how the music-hall stage is the earthly paradise of our modern aristocracy. Mr. J. S. Fletcher gives a pleasant picture of Dorintha amid "Arcadian" rusticity and naïveté, though there is no deep art or inner drama in "The Paths of the Prudent." It plays with life in a light, external way.

By "The Valley of Light" Mr. Basil Worsfold means the Vaudois valleys of Piedmont, the scene of historic and tragical events in which England, from Cromwell's day to Wordsworth's, took a more or less poignant interest. Mr. Worsfold spent a holiday among the Vaudois last year on the occasion of the Emancipation Jubilee, and paid them the compliment of pen and pencil studies. The result is one of those well-intentioned books whose use is rather doubtful. The presentation of history betrays little depth, and no novelty of touch, while it is broken for the expression of religious opinions, which, though sincere and severe in their simplicity, are suggestive, not of judicial history and placid holidays, but the well-worn ways of controversy. The nature-notes are not striking; and, finally, Mr. Worsfold carries the habit of quotation to an inordinate length.

Under the title of "Things That Have Happened," the popular writer known as Dorothea Gerard, otherwise Madame Longard de Longgarde, has collected a number of short stories which dance our attention and interest merrily all over the continent of Europe. Hence, perhaps, their holiday air. We are given a glimpse of a foreign town or a foreign type, and then off we are whisked somewhere else. There is little of her best work in the volume; little that is serious or even effective. The humour, as in "My Paris Masters," is mostly farce. But as stories to pass the time they fulfil all they have aimed at.

It is useless taking up a critical attitude before any of the ten stories in Mr. Clement Scott's "Madonna Mia." They are written in such good faith; they are so simple-minded, and so evidently sincere in their loud assertions of a love of the good, the true, and the beautiful, that they are sure to find an audience, whether fastidious literary folk like them or not. Good—humour and inexhaustible sentimentality, a fair variety of incident, and no discrimination of character to speak of, are material enough, and good enough, for the popular story-writer. In the eyes of more sophisticated readers, a certain guilelessness in Mr. Scott's manner and methods will cover many defects in his art.

"The Field of Clover" is a very beautiful book. It consists of five fairy stories told in Mr. Housman's easiest manner, with an idea behind, yet ever with a strong sense of the value of narrative. The first story, "The Bound Princess," told in six chapters, deals with Noodle, the man with the biggest head in the world, who put himself in possession of the wonderful Galloping Plough and discovered the beautiful Princess Melilot, whom he freed from the enchantment that bound her. The remaining four stories form the other half of the book. Nothing could be better than the decorative illustrations



THE FRENCH "INVINCIBLE,"

TAKEN BY ANSON, 1747.

THE SPANISH "GLORIOSO,"

TAKEN BY H.M.S. "RUSSSELL," 1747.

Reproduced from Mr. Laird Clowes's "History of the Navy." (Sampson Low.)

which the author has designed and Clemence Housman has engraved. The book is dedicated "to my dear wood-engraver," and that craftsman deserves our warm thanks for bringing back to the art of book illustration something of the charm of the 'sixties, when Gilbert, Millais, and their contemporaries were at work.

"Petticoat Loose" is a tale of changeable fortunes. In following Brianna's career from the stage of a travelling show to a prosperous climax, the popular author gives us most varied glimpses of life, especially among the London theatrical world, where the heroine has every experience, both in the way of rebuff and of unlooked-for kindness. Brianna, whose first lover, a jockey, has just been killed when she makes her earliest appearance, has many later adventures, and a distinctly unpleasant one with a fashionable palmist, whose way of life, *chic*, and pretensions, "Rita" has studied in a painstaking fashion. She has never been more careful about the matter of a story, but we remember livelier ones from her pen.